

"PLAY BALL!" — By Edwin A. Goewey

Leslie's

APRIL 8, 1922

PRICE 10 CENTS



What About Prohibition?

THERE are two sides to every question. Take National Prohibition, for instance. From all parts of the country letters have reached Leslie's Weekly in response to its Questionnaire: "*What Do You Think of Prohibition?*" These letters express a wide variety of views on both sides of the liquor question and comprise in the aggregate an interesting and illuminating cross-section of public opinion on one of the most engrossing topics of the day.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who is famous as an observer of American life, has made an impartial survey and analysis of the results of this Prohibition Questionnaire and has embodied his observations in a striking article in Leslie's Weekly for April 15.

This number of Leslie's also contains other absorbing features. For example, there is the second installment of Theodore Waters' notable series—"Brokers and Breakers"—in which he reveals to you the inner workings of the present-day stock swindling rings. Also, there is another gripping short story on the further adventures of the great *Black Pearl*, by Atreus von Schrader.

By the way, are you reading the new *Radio Department* in Leslie's? It is conducted by William H. Easton, Ph.D., a noted authority on the subject, and contains from week to week a wealth of interesting and helpful information about America's latest furore.

These are only a few of the corking features of Leslie's Weekly for April 15. There are plenty more. Remember, you can buy Leslie's from any good newsdealer for 10 cents a copy, or have it delivered every Thursday at your home as a regular subscriber for Five Dollars a year.

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APR -4 1922

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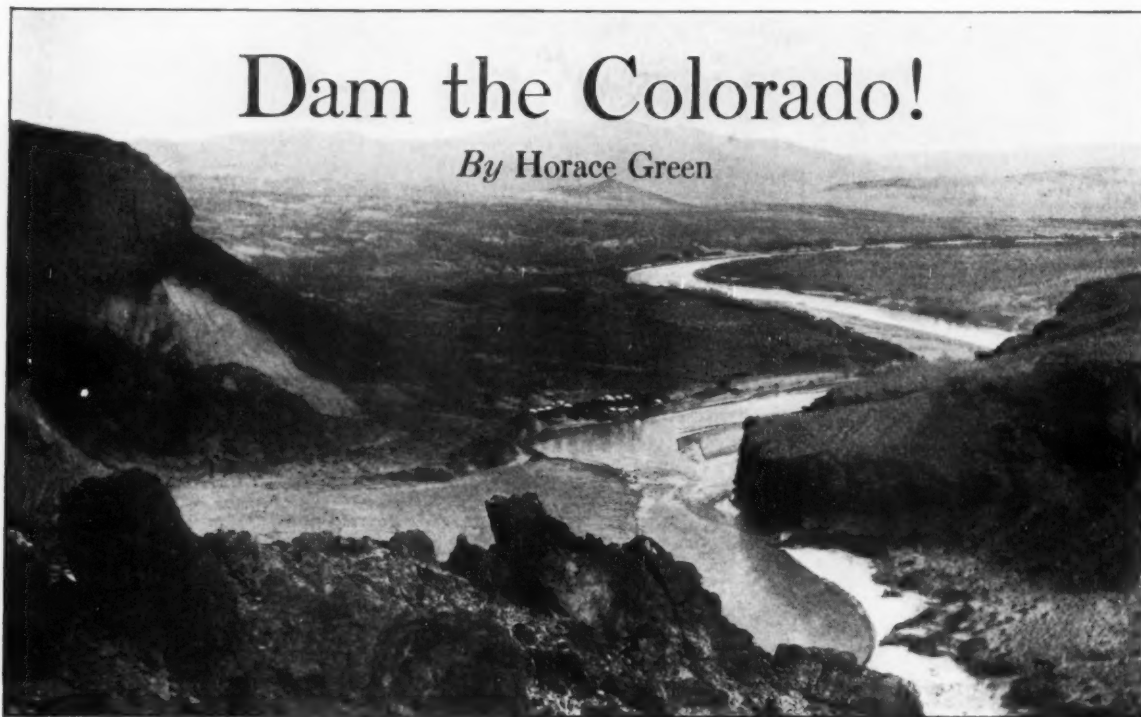
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 8th, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Published weekly and copyrighted 1922 by the Leslie-Judge Co., William Green, Pres.; Douglas H. Cooke, Vice-Pres.; E. J. McDonnell, Treas.; W. D. Green, Secretary; 627 West 43d Street, New York City

Dam the Colorado!

By Horace Green



COURTESY U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE

Entrance to Boulder Canyon, looking North. In these plains the waters of the Colorado and Virgin Rivers will be backed up in a lake nearly as long as the Great Salt Lake, with an average depth of 350 feet.

PERSONS who do not understand Herbert Hoover say that at times he acts strangely. On one or two Sunday afternoons—when released from the stress of a thousand office projects—the Secretary of Commerce in President Harding's cabinet has been observed sloshing knee deep in an icy brook in the Virginia Hills, not many miles from the Capitol.

His arms are folded. He gazes abstractedly up stream, apparently talking to himself. Occasionally he shakes his head emphatically, then calls out to one of his faithful secretaries or the children who are with him to fetch him an armful of rocks.

"Put two stones there and five large ones there," commands the great relief administrator—and falls back into a happy reverie.

"Strange!" thinks the passerby and shakes his head. Should you have chanced to honk past him thus engaged on a holiday afternoon, when the inner man is supposed to jump the bars, you would have thought, no doubt, that over-work affects the greatest brains.

Some light might touch the mystery should you recall that Hoover's life work is engineering; that he controlled elements of the West decades before he fed

the starving children of the East. And months later the real solution might dawn on you with President Harding's significant announcement:

Secretary Hoover will dam the Colorado River!

The President has already appointed him Federal Chairman of the Colorado River Commission, recently created jointly by Congress and by the Governors of the seven States through which the river flows. Mr. Hoover recently called the first meeting of the Seven-state Commission in Washington, and on March 15 the Secretary of Commerce journeyed to Phoenix, Ariz., where the second session was to consider the interstate peace problems. In addition to unraveling the legal tangles between the States and solving the treaty obligations with Mexico, the job presents the greatest engineering feat ever undertaken by the hand of man—the building of the Panama Canal not excepted.

For our purposes it may be called the Hoover-Davis project; because, although the use of the immense Colorado water supply has long been agitated in Western States, the commanding and co-ordinating impetus now comes from the Secretary of Commerce. And Arthur Powell Davis, Chief Engineer of the United States

Reclamation Service, who has spent thirty-eight years studying the basin, is sleeves up and head over heels on the job. For some months he has been fighting elements of nature in Colorado Valley and elements of a mighty different nature on Capitol Hill. Both need derricks.

Here is the argument, presented in the *Los Angeles Times*, as it appears, in tersest form, to the Western mind:

I. The waters of the Colorado flow unchecked into the ocean. The giant stream (third largest in the United States) is a never-failing source of power perpetually fed from lands of everlasting snow.

II. The Colorado controlled would generate 4,500,000 horse power. It takes thirty barrels of oil to produce one horse power one year. The Colorado River, therefore, would produce in a year the power equivalent of 135,000,000 barrels of oil.

III. Wasting the river is equivalent to pouring 135,000,000 barrels of oil annually into the Gulf of California. At the average price of oil for the past five years the waste amounts approximately to \$1,000,000 per day.

IV. Q. What's to be done? A. Harness the river! Save the oil! Do it now.

In addition to generating 4,500,000

horse power. Hoover's plan, they state, would open up for irrigation and fertilization a total of 6,123,000 acres of land in the United States (stop and think that over!) and 800,000 in Mexico; would save from flood danger at least a billion dollars worth of property (including the entire Imperial Valley, which, by the way, is several feet under sea level and has already been flooded) and would entail the building of at least one and probably two giant dams, the smallest of which would be an eighth of a mile high and which would store enough water, according to figures of the Reclamation Service, to cover 25,000,000 acres of land one foot deep! And the initial cost of the dam is estimated at \$50,000,000 only, or the cost of one of those super-dreadnoughts which we are to lose.

It has also been estimated that the complete Colorado River project will give 25,000 workmen employment for a period of from five to ten years, which number plus families, food supplies, clothing and other necessities would initiate a new city on America's map.

A single dam, 600 feet in height, in Boulder Canyon, besides irrigating the 1,000,000 odd acres of the Imperial Valley, would generate 600,000 horse power of hydroelectric energy, which would be distributed to various uses.

If Engineer Davis' recommendations are accepted, as presently they will be, the first step will be the construction of No. 1 Dam near the entrance of the Boulder Canyon of the Colorado.

Study the accompanying illustrations and you will get an idea of the engineering problems involved.

Boulder Canyon lies at the tip end of Nevada, which it divides from the State of Arizona. Here the rushing waters of the great river on which Major Powell and the Kolb brothers and other adventurers have risked their lives since '69, are compressed between towering rock walls only 300 feet apart in spots. Not many miles north lies the southern line of Utah, and fifty miles south the Colorado River forms the boundary between Southern California and Arizona. Further north is the Grand Canyon, directly south is the Black Canyon.

Photograph "A," taken from the mouth of Boulder Canyon, looking north, shows a portion of the vast reservoir site in and around which the waters will be backed up in the Colorado and Virgin Rivers, becoming a lake varying from thirty to fifty miles in length.

Photographs "B" and "C" show different views of the Boulder Canyon. Engineer Davis' men have already drilled at various spots to test foundations. Bed rock has been located at a number of



Colorado River basin, showing the seven States that are affected. The black lines show the actual watershed. The lake which Uncle Sam is planning to form in this region will be the largest artificial one in the world.

desirable sites near the canyon mouth. For this work there has been wormed out of Congress \$20,000 in addition to \$75,000 contributed by local authorities.

BOULDER CANYON

Dam is only the first step in a limitless scheme. "If, as, and when," as the bond promoters say, the Boulder project goes over the top, the next step will be an even larger dam at Lee's Ferry and an innumerable series of canals for long distance power transmission.

The Colorado River project is by no means so simple as might appear at first blush. The entire old Spanish Southwest, including the seven States of New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Wyoming are directly affected by any use made of its

In Boulder Canyon, with the southeastern tip of Nevada on one side, and Arizona on the other. Between these towering walls the Government will construct the biggest dam ever built by man. Dredging is now in progress.

waters. Each State naturally has claims of its own. Each is jealous of its own riparian rights. The Colorado Commission under Chairman Hoover was established primarily to agree upon a compact between the seven States, providing for an equitable division of the water supply of the main river and its tributaries throughout the seven States.

Although there is ample water for all purposes, if adequate storage be undertaken, there is not a sufficient supply to meet all claims unless there is a definite program of conservation.

"The sole object of the Federal Government," says Mr. Hoover, "is to secure development of the river for all concerned. The problems before the Commission cannot be solved in a day. There are many interests to be considered, and there is much to be heard from different factions of the community whose welfare is at stake. These problems have been under intense study for many years by both State and national authorities. There seems to be almost unanimity that the river should be considered as a whole, and that its resources should be developed so as to give the greatest benefit to the nation."

(Concluded on page 488)



ENLARGED FOR LESLIE'S BY U. S. RECLAMATION SERVICE



Epicures Abroad

By Gordon Stiles

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

EVERY little while somebody takes pen in hand and writes about food. It is a safe subject and full of interest to all normal human beings. I suppose at some time or other most of us have lashed ourselves into a state of consuming hunger by reading Dickens' descriptions of rounds of beef and larded fowls, musty ales and full-bodied ports. The fact that apoplexy lurks in these Dickens menus does not render them any the less attractive.

But I have a grievance against writers on topics culinary. The American observer lauds French sauces and English native lamb. He goes into ecstasies over Danish pastries and marvelous Italian methods of preparing spaghetti. On the other hand you will find precious few foreign writers who sing sweetly of the joys of the American table. So this time I am going to put on a little reverse English and see if the experience gleaned in seven solid years eating of foreign dishes will convince others, as it has convinced me, that when it comes to quantity, variety, quality and daintiness of service, the other nations of the world are not so far ahead of the little United States of America.

It is a pretty serious matter for an American to work up an appetite in England unless he has been there long enough

to know what he can have and what he cannot. I do not mean that he will not do well enough if the appetite is of the sort that demands roast lamb or boiled corned beef. I was thinking rather of his being smitten with a hunger that calls for very special treatment, where the smitten one makes up his mind definitely as to the very dishes he intends to revel in.

To illustrate the point, I once ran across a New Yorker who was on his first trip abroad. He had been in London about two weeks and when I met him, trying gloomily to drink himself to death, he was low, indeed. He had been so busy getting rich through the manufacture of a polishing preparation that his education had suffered and his tastes, except in food, were, well . . . But, oh, he had stacks of money and every time he came out of his palatial suite in one of the best hotels, he scattered it about by fistfuls. He was a copious entertainer and found plenty of friends.

He had bought himself a fancy motor-car and had taken four of his companions out to the races, Newmarket, I think. They had good luck there and a few appetizers on the way back so that when the host of the day suggested topping off the party with a dinner of his own choosing, there were no dissenting voices. And

when they were comfortably established at a big round table in one of the best places in London, Mr. Host waved aside the menu. "Don't need it," he said. "Know just what I want."

In the first place he wanted some clams. Then a nice piece of grilled bluefish, some chicken *à la King* with sweet potatoes and green corn, a salad and, afterward, some pie *à la mode* and coffee. Those were the things he wanted. What he got were some *hors d'œuvres*, consisting mostly of slices of smoked salmon, anchovies, minced-up carrots and pickled beets; some fried sole, roast mutton with boiled Irish potatoes, cabbage, a limp salad, crackers and cheese and coffee.

He almost cried when he told me about it, how the waiter at first thought he was joking and then made it clear that no such items graced any English menu. The New Yorker couldn't understand it, couldn't see why any first-class hotel in the world should not be able to supply him with the not extraordinary dishes he had ordered.

But he was going over the usual route. When the American first strikes England, he is carried away by the excellence of the beef, mutton and lamb. He finds it sweeter and of finer flavor than the inevitable cold storage offering of American

restaurants, which is natural, because meat keeps better in the English climate than here, even without ice, and it is a rare occurrence to be served anything in that line which is not fresh—and that applies to moderate priced establishments as well as to the highest grade ones. As one Yankee put it, "Gosh, I can eat all the fat."

After a while, however, there comes a hankering for such plebeian matters as wheat cakes and baked pork and beans, to say nothing of pie. It is then that the limitations of the British diet are driven home; for England is pieless, beanless and wheat cakeless. To be sure, Christmas time brings forth what are called mince pies, but they are really open-faced tartlets, some three inches in diameter, the depression being filled with a spoonful of chopped up raisins. But it would take a long imagination to connect those things with honest-to-goodness pie.

Wheeling a glass of water from an English waiter is an accomplishment of which one may well be proud. The usual dialogue runs something as follows:

"Waiter, bring me a glass of water, please."

"Certainly, sir. What kind, sir? We have Apollinaris and—"

"No, I want plain water."

"Hot water, sir?"

"No, no! Ordinary drinking water. Out of the tap."

"Ah, yes, sir. Very good, sir."

After a certain length of time in England the American learns not to order clams, oyster stew, corn on the cob, baked beans, squash, lobster à la Newburg, chicken à la King, hot biscuits, griddle cakes, baked potatoes, corn bread, muffins, canteloupe, hashed browned potatoes, sweet potatoes, strawberry shortcake, cranberry sauce, ice cream or any kind of pie as we know it.

Speaking of pies recalls an incident related by the late Ambassador Page. At one of his weekly conferences with American newspaper men, the Ambassador opened the conversation with, "Did any of you boys ever hear of a liquid pumpkin pie?" None of those present allowed that he had.

"Well, I have," said Mr. Page. And he went on to tell how some English friends who had heard him say that he was fond of pumpkin pie had tried to give him a treat when he dined with them. It appears that they had with great difficulty obtained a pumpkin, then an American cookbook. Both were delivered to the cook and at the end of the meal the pie was produced in all its glory, carried in ever so gently and deposited on the table while the hostess beamed happily across it at her distinguished guest.

"But," said the Ambassador, "it didn't look right to me. I knew it was indisposed when I saw it; it was so pale. Another thing I couldn't understand was why my hostess, who was going to serve it, was armed with a soup ladle. Then suddenly the truth dawned upon me. The pie was liquid! They couldn't cut it. But the lady proudly ladled the in-

side of the pie into sauce dishes and floated a bit of the crust on top so we managed all right. I could see that some of them wondered what I liked about pumpkin pie. I didn't tell them that the pumpkin pies I had known were yellow and, although kind of mushy, could be cut into nice three-cornered pieces." There was yearning in the Ambassador's eye as he concluded.

So many of our American foods could be prepared as well in England as here and would be used there if given a fair chance. It would pay our provision exporters to establish depots throughout the United Kingdom for the sole purpose of properly introducing certain of our foodstuffs to the public. The two obstacles which prevent the sale of many American products are hereditary prejudice and lack of knowledge as to preparation.

I have seen Englishmen visiting the States go mad over corn muffins and Johnnycake until they found out that it was made of the despised maize which their fathers long ago decreed was fit only for cattle or hogs. Britishers to whom I have fed peanut butter sandwiches have waxed enthusiastic, up to the point where they learned that it was a product of what they call monkey nuts, as being worthless except for feeding the monkeys in the zoo.

"The ultimate test of French efficiency is to serve a patron with an onion and convince him that he has been eating ice cream."



Occasionally peanuts find their way into London provision shops. They are bought as an experiment and served along with other nuts, after dinner. Usually they are condemned because the Englishman does not know they should be roasted if they are to be palatable.

Americans miss some of their familiar dishes when they are on the other side. But, the situation being what it is, it is well for the traveler to know what to expect and how to get the best there is. Aside from the native beef and lamb and pork, England offers a host of good things. In the foreground of the list of substantial dinner dishes is the meat pie.

Steak and kidney, veal and ham, pigeon and lark, all are good.

The fish lover can suit his palate with sole, brill, plaice or Scotch salmon. It is best to order the sole and salmon grilled and the others fried. Lobster and langoose are invariably fresh at the best places and the succulent prawn, to be peeled with the fingers and dipped in butter, is well worth sampling.

The tarts which take the place of our pies are deep dish affairs and often very good. The apple variety is the safest order. As for cheese, if you fancy the dairy sort, you will find Cheddar and Cheshire to your liking, the former being the mildest of the two. Those who prefer the pungent, high-flavored type will be sure to vote for Stilton after once trying it.

But, to be happy, the traveling epicure must overlook certain matters which, at home, would set him pawing the air. The dainty lobster and chicken salads of the United States are not to be had. Too little attention is paid to the cleaning of asparagus and celery. Unless grilling is specified your chops are likely to reach you in a fried state. But these things are so common that it is a waste of energy to object.

You have heard folks rave about French coffee. That is because they do not care for coffee. There is no good coffee in France or England or Belgium or Germany. And the reason is that those countries use French coffee, which is mostly chicory. The cheapest East Side lunch room in New York can cut circles around all the European countries with the exception of Holland, Denmark and Sweden, when it comes to making coffee. English coffee is bitter, muddy and invariably served with hot milk, all scummy and stringy, instead of cream.

If you are inclined to try new dishes, have a go at a haggis, if you go to Scotland. My understanding is that haggis is the stomach of a sheep, filled with various cereals and cooked in deep fat. You might like it. The Scotch oatcake is intriguing, being three-cornered, thin and crinkly. In color and texture it resembles those souvenirs made from the old ground-up paper money in Washington. And has less flavor. Bubble-and-squeak sounds interesting, but it really is only cabbage and potatoes hashed together and fried.

When you cross the channel into France you learn why the French refer to cooking as an art. With them it is the art of disguise. At table in France the temptation is strong to start a guessing contest, the winner being he or she who guesses correctly the basic ingredient of the greatest number of dishes served.

The ultimate test of French efficiency is to serve a fussy patron with an onion and
(Concluded on page 481)

LET US INTRODUCE YOU TO—



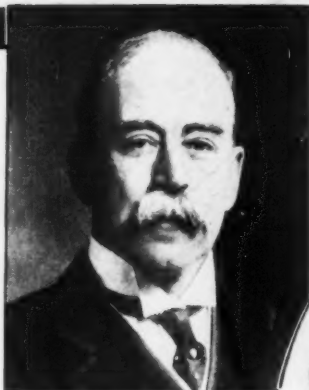
KEYSTONE

THIS French girl is a real high flier. Her name is Mlle. Adrienne Bolland and she became famous in South America by hurdling the Andes in an airplane. Now she has been appointed by France as Ambassador of the Air to the Argentine.



P. & A.

AN earldom doesn't excite him. Cyril Woodward Clubley Armstrong, a Chicago lawyer, has fallen heir to a peerage and \$250,000 in England. But he clings to the belief that self-won titles are the best.



P. & A.

SIR GEORGE YOUNGER, the "Unionist Boss," a leader of the anti-Lloyd George revolt in British politics.



KEYSTONE

CAN he do it with humans? Theodor Koppanyi, the famous Viennese surgeon, is only twenty but he recently startled the scientific world by successfully transplanting a living, seeing eye from one animal to another.



KEYSTONE

IT'S a long way from Kansas to China, but Miss Ruth Muskrat, a Cherokee Indian student, goes to Peking this month as a delegate to the World's Christian Student Federation Conference, the first representative of the "Red Man" at a world gathering.

IS virtue its own reward? Mlle. Gouze, a French woman of gentle breeding, leased in 1919 a barren farm near the former battlefield in France. Through hard work and the expenditure of considerable capital she transformed it into a valuable property. When the time came to renew her lease from the Institute of France, a governmental organization that handles farm rehabilitation, another farmer who was attracted by the property outbid her and now this courageous farmerette and her father, an incapacitated war veteran, must vacate their hard won homestead unless French public opinion interferences.



KEYSTONE

PICTURE



PHOTOGRAPHS

MANY million people have passed the statue of Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive, New York; and those who care for beautiful things have admired the spirited work of art. However, how many of all those millions know the name of the artist who produced it? Probably not very many—not one in ten thousand! Well, a woman—Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt—made that statue. The other day the French Government called attention to this fact by making Miss Hyatt a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. She is shown above working in her studio.

ITEMS OF INTEREST



KEYSTONE

ALL those stories we heard about that horrid, dreadful German Crown Prince were false! Instead of being a conceited, snobbish, swaggering, bullying person, he was, instead, a most democratic chap, who enjoys nothing better than rubbing elbows with good folk who have to work hard in order to exist. At least that is what the genius who prepared the caption for the snapshot above (taken in the C. P.'s Wierengen home) claims.



KEYSTONE

CERTAINLY in this particular case appearances are deceitful. The casual reader will, no doubt, think that this is a picture of our old friends, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. It is nothing of the sort. It is a picture of the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's exhibit in Baker Street, London—the newlyweds in wax!



KEYSTONE

TO YANKS who were in France these people have a familiar look. They are Bretons. Wearing their quaint native costumes, they visited Paris the other day in order to place a palm on the grave of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe.

"Play Ball!"

By Edwin A. Goewey

THE curtain is up, the 1922 baseball season is about to make its bow, and thereafter, for several months, the sport spotlight will be focused upon the national pastime.

But this year the ceremony means something more than the advent of just one more season. The past winter has been one of speculation and argument for the fans, the discussion revolving around the question, Will we get back to the old game and see a recurrence of the pitching of a few years back? Every fan hopes sincerely that results will give an affirmative answer to the riddle, that the play upon the green diamonds may become as attractive as in the halcyon days.

When those to whom baseball means much, and their numbers are legion, discuss the feats of yesteryears, two classes of heroes appear in the foreground—the great pitchers and the mighty hitters. All others are lost in the fog of retrospection. Until the last of the present day fans finally passes over the great divide, the names of Rusie, Mathewson, Waddell, McGinnity, Johnson, Alexander, "Pop" Anson, Ed Delehanty, Honus Wagner, Lajoie, Cobb, Cravath and Ruth and others of might upon the mound or at the plate will be recalled with a thrill. They were the stars who did more than twinkle briefly.

A few years back, thanks largely to the rules which handicapped the batters, but placed practically no restrictions upon the twirlers, the latter became the dominant factor in baseball, and so pronounced were their accomplishments that the hitting end of the game slumped sadly. This resulted in a clamor for more batting, and for the purpose of satisfying the rooters and making the play more even, the rules committee curtailed greatly the privileges accorded the mound men. The new restrictions placed upon the pitchers, together with a better grade of ball from the manufacturers, produced the desired results, and the long and the regular hit became the order of the day.

But, after a time, the restrictions under which the pitchers labored began to make the games somewhat lopsided, no-hit contests ranking almost as unknown quantities, few-hit games being rare, and swatting feasts obtaining generally. In the last two or three years the fans have grown tired of the almost constant crack of the

bat against the ball. There was an overabundance of hitting, and here, there and everywhere arose the cry, "The pitching is becoming poorer yearly." The fan is, indeed, a creature of fickle tastes.

In the 1921 season the pitchers, as a whole, made a rather mediocre showing, those in the American League appearing inferior to their rivals in the National, and the cry for better twirling and less free hitting reached a point where it became an insistent demand. The officials of the big-time organizations had noted what was coming, but were unwilling to return to the old pitching rules, under which

Miljus may help the Dodgers back into the pennant winning class this year.



Holling, of the Tigers, formerly shone in the Pacific Coast League.

"everything went," knowing that such a move would mean ultimate disaster. No matter what the fans said about too much hitting, they would be the first to complain were the tricky heaving of the past to be resumed. The only remedy was to develop new blood, to train a corps of youthful pitchers who never had learned to depend on "spitters," "bean balls" and the placing of emery, talcum and other substances upon the horse hide to make it perform queer capers which balked the batsmen.

For three years or more, despite the abrogation of the draft rule by the minors, and the tendency of this circumstance to hold back and discourage ambitious young players, the major leagues succeeded in grooming a new contingent of young twirlers of rare promise. These, if they live up to expectations, will be the salvation of the present-day game, will make the playing more even and will check the tendency of the sluggers to run wild.

Uhle, of the Indians, is a sand lots product.



PHOTO BY CHARLES CONLEY

Most of these have, more or less frequently, displayed the wares to the patrons of a big time game, but this season will be the first that all of them will be in the box as regulars from the initial clang of the game and their performances will be watched eagerly and hopefully by millions of fans. They are a likely crew, trained according to the best traditions and customs of the sport, with no tricky twirling to forget or bad habits to overcome, and some of them are sure to win niches in the Baseball Hall of Fame ere the leaves begin to flutter next fall. In no season many, many years have so many promising young pitchers started work at a very opening, all wearing the big time spangles. If a majority of them should make good, and each of the sixteen teams has one or more of these emerald pitching stars, the con-

From Boston the Reds obtained Scott to help them in regaining their lost prestige.

McQuillan, recently a Long Island amateur, now a Brave's prize.



The pitching hand of the great Christy Mathewson, originator of the "fadeaway" curve.

Hodge, once a college pitching sensation, now with the Cubs.

Jones' first name, Percy, is no handicap to the White Sox twirler.

Hubbell, once a mighty all-round college athlete in Idaho, now with the Quakers.

Karr, of the Red Sox, is one of the reasons why Little Rock is famous.

Shea, who has returned from St. Paul to help the Giants win another world's championship.

confidence, some of which came to him last year when, after a hard season in which he did his full share toward helping the Yanks land the American League pennant, he was one of the real stars of the world's series and turned back the champion Giants in two contests, with an average of but six hits a game.

For effectiveness he stood sixth in the American League last season, but of these Mays was the only one to pitch in more games. Faber stood first, with an average of 2.48 runs per game; Morton, second, 2.75; Piercy, third, 2.86; Mo-gridge, fourth, 3.00; Mays, fifth, 3.08, and Hoyt, next, 3.10. The "kid" pitched in 44 games, allowed 97 earned runs and 11 stolen bases and struck out 102 batters and gave 81 bases on balls. He follows Matty's style in working to win games rather than to boost his personal record. In 1914-1915 he never lost a game pitching for the Junior Eagle League, and won two pennants. Then, as the star of Erasmus, he startled the college

season by the fans are: American League—Boston, Karr; Philadelphia, Moore and Rommel; Washington, Zachary and Courtney; Chicago, Hodge; St. Louis, Bayne and Van Gilder; Cleveland, Uhle, and Detroit, Holling. National League—New York, Shea and Ryan; Boston, McQuillan and Cooney; Philadelphia, Hubbell; Brooklyn, Miljus; Chicago, Jones; St. Louis, Sherdel; Pittsburgh, Glazner and Morrison, and Cincinnati, Scott and Donohue. Keep your eyes on all of them!

Some figures concerning the 1921 pitching records of those who many fans consider the more promising of these lads are: Karr, pitched in 26 games, yielded an average of 3.66 runs per game, permitted 123 hits, gave 38 bases on balls and had 37 strike outs; Moore, games pitched 29, average runs 4.50, hits 206, bases on balls 122, struck out 64; Zachary, games pitched 39, average runs 96, hits 314, bases on balls 59, struck out 53; Hodge, games pitched 36, average runs 6.54, hits 191, bases on balls 54, struck out 25; Bayne, games pitched, 47; average runs 4.72, hits 167, bases on balls 80, struck out 82; Uhle, games pitched 41, average runs 4.01, hits 288, bases on balls 63, struck out 63; Holling, games pitched 35, average runs 4.30, hits 162, bases on balls 58, struck out 38. National League—Ryan, games pitched 36, average runs 3.74, hits 140, bases on balls 32, struck out 58; Hubbell, games pitched 45, average runs 4.00, hits 284, bases on balls 90, struck out 94; Miljus, games pitched 28, average runs 4.21, hits 115, bases on balls 27, struck out 37; Jones, games pitched 32, average runs 4.55, hits 116, bases on balls 39, struck out 46; Sherdel, games pitched 38, average runs 3.19, hits 137, bases on balls 38, struck out 57; Glazner, games pitched 36, average runs 2.77, hits 214, bases on balls 58, struck out 88; Scott, games pitched 47, average runs 3.60, hits 258, bases on balls 57, struck out 83.

In considering these figures one must remember that some of these youths, working with less strong second division clubs, had very serious handicaps to overcome.

Here is just one more fact to prove that 1922 will be baseball's biggest year for the twirlers. Practically all pitchers in the majors have had their salaries increased for this year, some getting about double what they were paid previously. Pitchers this year are receiving more liberal stipends than ever in the sport's history. In taking this step the managers have gone the limit to bring back the class of pitching which is strenuously demanded by the fans.

world with three no-hit shutouts in a single season. McGraw then took him in tow and placed him under Mathewson, after which he gained professional experience in the Penn State and Southern Leagues. From the Memphis Club, of the latter outfit, he was returned to New York with an "N. G." label attached, though he had been persistently overworked. To-day Memphis thinks differently and McGraw probably regrets that he permitted Hoyt to leave him, as he did other great stars after he helped to develop them. Sometimes, as in the case of Groh, he has bought back his one time cast-offs at a staggering price. Maybe he'll go after Hoyt. But, barring accident, the youngster soon is going to be to pitching almost, if not quite, what Ruth is to batting. Most certainly he is a great performer.

Among the other youthful pitchers who will be watched very closely and studied most carefully throughout the coming



Hoyt's grip on the ball is similar to that of his masterful tutor, Mathewson. It gets results.

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"Well, Perkins rates for a minute or so and then gets pretty quiet examining the affair."

THIS is what made me sore; Hodgkins had succeeded in making an excellent beverage out of a lemon that I had handed him. That was what heated me to such an extent that I was compelled to stroll over into Battery Park and sit on a shady bench to cool off.

Well, I didn't know that I was actually muttering such expletives as "pup," "cur," "insect," "snake," etc., until I was brought to a consciousness of my surroundings by a voice at my elbow.

"Well, now, sir, I don't want to seem like I was prying into another man's affairs, but I'll bet the feller you have in mind's no speshul friend o' yours."

I turned in astonishment, not until then realizing that I'd been cursing Hodgkins for all of Battery Park, and beheld a somewhat odd-looking man seated on the bench beside me. He was smooth shaven and clean looking about the face, but his clothes were a trifle threadbare and needed pressing. Somehow one felt that he was an individual of at least a little consequence in some decidedly narrow sphere.

I replied that I had not been aware of the fact that I was giving actual voice to my thought.

"Yes, we sort o' go into a trance when we get real sore at any one," he responded and as he spoke a second time I observed that he had a most magnetic personality. "You've done the best thing possible under the circumstances, come down to cool off and have a quiet smoke."

The suggestion of a smoke was attractive; so I drew forth a cigar and bit off the end, taking a savage delight in the mad fancy that it was the lobe of my enemy's ear. Then, observing that my companion held the stump of a cigar

Revenge!

By Scammon Lockwood

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

between his fingers, I requested a light.

He puffed the weed into a glow and handed it to me. I lit mine nicely but in attempting to return his, I was clumsy or he was and the cigar end fell to the ground.

"And it was just getting reel good," he murmured regretfully.

There was nothing to do but offer him a substitute, which I did with the best possible grace.

"My dear sir," he protested, "you surely didn't think I was hinting." And he reached into his upper vest pocket apparently to draw forth a cigar of his own. But there was none there. Then he tried the other pocket with no more success, and then he felt the front of his coat and vest over with both hands as a man does when he misses some article he was sure he had about him. His expression of astonishment was perfect.

"Well, now that's queer. I'd swear I had a few cigars with me. But the boys up at the office swipe 'em when I'm busy. They know the brand I always smoke, a Vuelta Special, same cigar J. P. Morgan used. But I guess I'll have to accept your kind offer," he added, so condescendingly that, as I passed over my humble ten-center, I really felt that he was doing me a favor.

He lit it in leisurely manner and then,

after it was drawing freely, he spoke.

"Well, sir, you may feel pretty sore at the feller you had in mind when you wuz kind of sputterin' a while back there, but your feelings don't come within a million miles of touching the feelings of one Felix Sankowsky who once tried to get even with a man who'd done him a mean trick."

"Did he succeed?" I anxiously inquired.

"Well he did and he didn't, according to the way you want to look at it. This Felix Sankowsky was a queer sort of fellow. He wasn't a new emigrant, like you'd suppose from his name. No, his folks came over with Kosciusko in the *Mayflower* and had lived here ever since."

I was about to question this extraordinary statement, but reflected that genealogical errors were common.

"Sankowsky was a bookkeeper for a firm of brokers over here on Nassau Street," continued my new companion, "and was married to a nice girl and had a boy baby of the male sex and a bungalow over on Staten Island. Well, one day he was sent on an errand uptown and on his way back he noticed a sale of men's suits advertised in a window on Sixth Avenue.

"He went into this store and was finally persuaded to try on a suit that somewhat appealed to his taste. He hadn't intended to buy a suit because he never made an important move of that sort without consulting his wife.

"Well, it just happened that Sankowsky ran up against about the slickest salesman that ever lived and this fellow managed to make Sankowsky feel as if he'd be sort of a low criminal if he didn't buy a suit. But in spite of the way that

salesman stampeded him, Sankowsky managed to keep his head sufficiently to extract a promise both from the salesman and the proprietor (who had been hovering in the offing all through the transaction ready to give aid if needed) that if Mrs. Sankowsky didn't like the suit they would take it back and refund the money. He left his name and address so there'd be no question if he returned.

"And of course Mrs. Sankowsky didn't like the suit. First she kidded it and then she cried about it, and of course Sankowsky promised her that he'd take it back.

"But when he appeared with the suit, Perkins, the proprietor of the store, denied that he'd ever said a word about taking the suit back.

"You may be surprised at this clothing dealer's name being Perkins. Most usually we expect to find one of the Hebrew brethren in that line; but this guy Perkins, plain Arthur Perkins of Springfield, Mass., had driven every Hebrew clothier in his neighborhood out of business, he was that sharp. Why, he actually succeeded in making Sankowsky believe that no promise had been made—that is, until Sankowsky got out on the street with the suit still under his arm."

"Then he was good and sore, wasn't he?" I remarked.

"He was so sore he boiled with all the fierce fire of his Polish descent. And the further he walked and the more he thought about it, the madder he got."

"Yes, that's the way it is," I interpolated. "At first you don't realize the extent to which you've been done, and then, as a thorough realization of it dawns upon you, you just want to tear the fellow to pieces with your bare hands. I know how it is."

"I see you do," he replied. "At first Sankowsky had all sorts of crazy schemes to get even. He then contemplated throwing a bomb through Perkins' plate glass show window. Bomb throwing was in his blood anyhow. But his strain of common sense American blood fortunately told him that this would be ridiculous. He'd be sure to be caught and have to pay for the window and go to jail in the bargain perhaps."

"He might have heaved a brick through the window and run," I remarked.

"No, that would have been risky. He wanted to be sure of a perfect alibi and at the same time he wanted to be present and enjoy the transcendental delight of seeing Perkins' agony of spirit when his property was destroyed. For a while it looked like a hopeless problem.

"But he hadn't gone very far when he sees on a billboard the announcement of a lecture over in Cooper Union on 'Ancient and Modern Engines of War' and somehow this set his mind to traveling along the proper groove. He remembered having seen this same announcement on a wall alongside of Perkins' store and in several other places. He read it rather hastily, completely overlooking a footnote that might have in-

terested him. All he really observed carefully was an illustration of an old Roman capulet."

"Catapult," I mildly insisted, but he paid no heed.

"Then he began to lay his plans; first he went straight to the library and digs out all the books he could find on ancient engines of war, capulets and montagues and things of that sort."

"Eh, I'm sure you mean catapults?" I timidly inquired.

"Yes, them too," he replied, and hurried on. "He stayed until the library closed and then went home and begins putterin' around in his cellar 'till his wife calls down to him that it's three o'clock in the morning. Then he reluctantly goes to bed and has delicious dreams of sweet revenge on Perkins."

My curiosity here again got the better of me. "You mentioned a moment ago that there was a footnote on the announcement Sankowsky read that would

fiber telescoping case, about the size and shape of a crate of berries. Again he toiled at his unchristian task until early morn and went to bed so fagged out that his wife had to douse him with a dipperful of cold water to get him out of bed in time to go to work.

"That noon he went to Perkins' store and, without showing himself to Perkins or his clerk, carefully calculated the height from the sidewalk to the middle of Perkins' plate glass show window. That was easy, by noticing about where the head and shoulders of the average-sized passer came on the window. He was also able in this way to estimate the approximate size of the window. He didn't know much about plate glass, but he figured that this window, counting the fancy script lettering, must have set Perkins back a good cool two hundred plunks.

"Well, that evenin' he went home and marked off an oblong space on the side of his house just the size he figured Perkins' window to be. Then right square in the middle of it he marked off a small square about where the center of Perkins' fancy gilt script sign would come. He called this his bull's-eye.

"The following day was Saturday and he got home from the office at about one-thirty and told his wife to beat it back to town for her regular weekly carouse at matinee and bargain counter. This was an arrangement they'd had ever since the baby came and rather curtailed Mrs. Sankowsky's liberty.

"But she was so anxious about her husband and his queer ways that she hardly wanted to go at all. And of course she was curious. She had tried to investigate things in the basement. But Sankowsky had kept everything, including even the fiber telescope, in a big tool chest to which he had the key. Mrs. Sankowsky had tried to pry the lid of this chest up using a spoon that she happened to have in her

hand at the time. But after breaking off the handle of the spoon she had given it up."

"But why did she use a spoon?" I protested. "Weren't his tools about?"

"No, he'd taken the precaution to lock them up also. Well, as I've told you, Mrs. Sankowsky didn't want to go to town at all, but Sankowsky literally drove her away.

"As soon as he was sure that his wife had really gone, he gets his engine of destruction from the trunk and brings it out on the lawn and begins practicing at the side of the house, using half a brick as a missile.

"Well sir, to show the careful way he'd worked, actuated by his fever of hatred, he didn't have to experiment more than twenty or twenty-five minutes before he was able to smash that brickbat right in the center of the bull's-eye every time.

"Then he experimented with a scheme he'd worked out, whereby exactly two minutes after he'd pulled a certain string

(Concluded on page 490)

DEAD ROMANCE

By CHARLES NICHOLLS WEBB

(Occasionally the papers insist that there is a railroad in old Mexico with ties of ebony and ballast of silver ore.)

ME AND old Chihuahua Red

On the ties in Mexico;

Sun a-blazin' overhead;

Half a hundred miles to go;

"Red," says I, "Romance is dead!"

Red growled, "Aw, forget it, bo."

"Can't you use them eyes to see?"

Ain't that what God made 'em for?

Just look down and then tell me—

Soze I'll allus know fer shore—

If them ties ain't ebony

And that roadbed silver ore?"

"That don't signify," I said.

"Neither one have got value,

Like they would in Frisco, Red—"

Red says, "Yep, that's very true;

I'll agree, Romance is dead

To a bird that takes that view!"

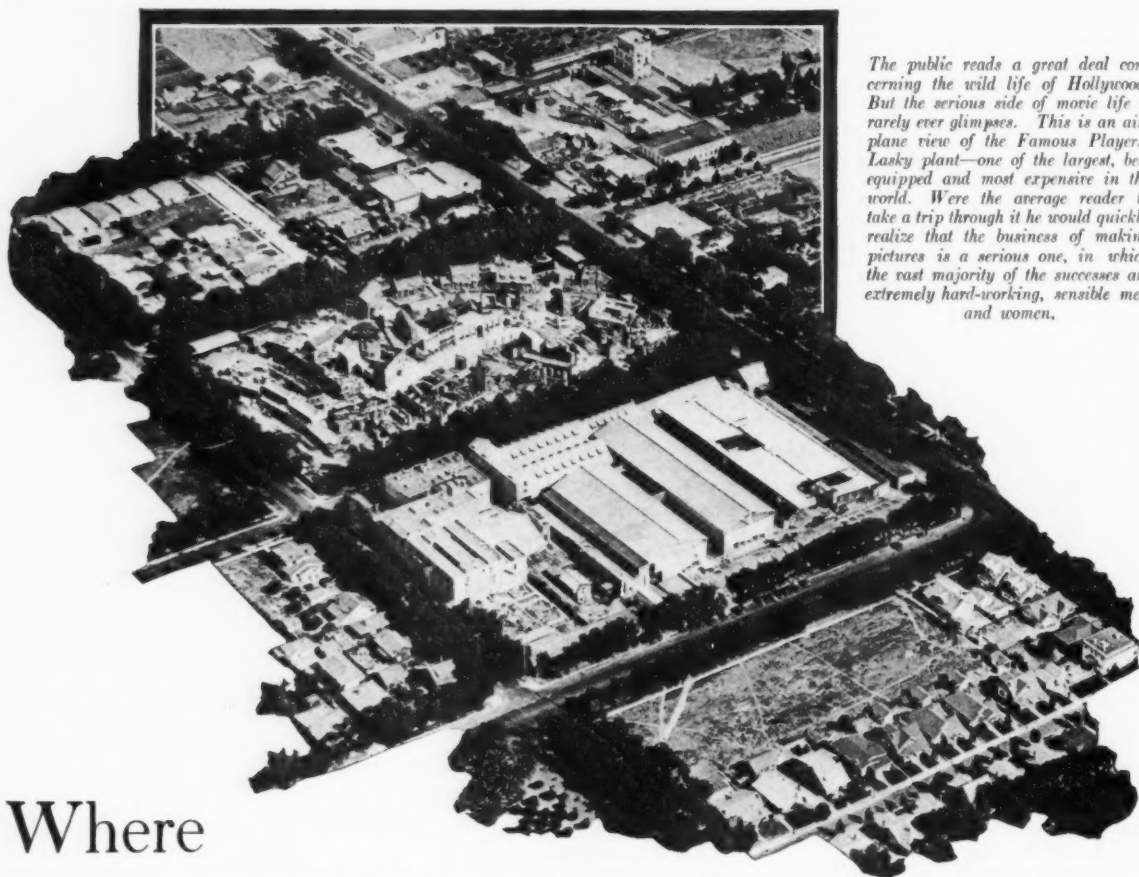
have interested him. What did that footnote say?" I asked.

"Just a minute and I'll come to that," was the unsatisfying response. I began to see that my peculiar friend was not to be hurried.

"The next evening Sankowsky got home in record time," he continued, "and hardly stopped for a mouthful of food before he again dived down into his cellar and gets to work. You know any man who lets the passion of revenge take hold of him causes a poison to be generated in his system that actually destroys his appetite for food.

"Sankowsky's wife got curious, you know the way women will, and started to come down to see what was goin' on, but he yells at her something fierce to stay upstairs and so she stayed.

"He worked so late that night that he was actually hollow eyed in the morning. But the following evening, after a trip to the hardware store, he was at it again hard as ever. Oh, yes, he also stopped at a trunk factory and bought a cheap



The public reads a great deal concerning the wild life of Hollywood. But the serious side of movie life it rarely ever glimpses. This is an air-plane view of the Famous Players-Lasky plant—one of the largest, best equipped and most expensive in the world. Were the average reader to take a trip through it he would quickly realize that the business of making pictures is a serious one, in which the vast majority of the successes are extremely hard-working, sensible men and women.

Where Hollywood Gets Off

IV. Hollywood—Well Done, Medium and Rare

By Louis Lee Arms

IN HOLLYWOOD'S postbellum Mother Goose not only the little boys, but the little girls, laughed to see the lid jump over the moon. The dish didn't run away with the spoon. It wasn't necessary. They merely settled down in a \$125-a-month bungalow in Hollywood. The landlord asked no questions.

The truth is that Mr. Oscar Dish and Miss Cecilia Spoon belong to that restless-eyed, irresponsible, sinister minority in motion pictures that is fast going into eclipse as this is written.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the sporting editor of a New York morning newspaper, when it was discovered several members of the Chicago White Sox had bargained to throw a world's series to the Cincinnati Reds, "professional baseball is ruined!"

But it wasn't. The next season was a banner one. If baseball wasn't bigger than any of the crooks in it, it never would have become our national game.

So with motion pictures. The gelatinous strand of celluloid which is magnified daily on 16,000 silver sheets in this country is an evolutionary idea bigger than any group or groups of persons identified with it.

The gentlemen who said scandal would kill the screen were wrong, of course. It

only kills those involved in the scandal.

But since it indubitably does kill and kill "dead" it may be that the conspicuous absence—during pre-Hays days—of any great moral force in the executive personnel of the canned drama was neutralized by the working of that which had come to be a kind of formula. Get on the police blotter and get out of pictures has been a Hollywood rule perfect even in its exceptions.

Salaries skyrocketed during the war and after. It became the thing in Hollywood—and Hoboken—to drink whisky by the tumblerful. With Oscar Dish and Cecilia Spoon of Hollywood the results were almost automatic. As though to demonstrate its infallibility it proceeded to bowl over "Fatty" Arbuckle, prince of epicures, a gilded gloom-destroyer on those jazzian, motion picture Thursday nights down at a popular café in Santa Monica—and, doubtless, elsewhere.

I know at least four middle-aged citizens of staid Pasadena who motored thirty miles to Santa Monica and as many back in the hope that Arbuckle, with his 300 balloonistic pounds, would repeat there his version of the classic dance with two pieplates on his adipose chest and a belt from which dangled and jangled knives and forks and spoons.

Arbuckle is a good entertainer off as well as on. His burlesque was amusing. But at a nearby table in this public café sat a pasty-faced celebrity, with eyes shallow and hard, serving his party with what rumor declared to be heroin cocktails. It was a novel idea and gossip spread.

The law of averages began to assert itself. Two or three sensational divorces, the tragic death in Paris of an erstwhile Broadway butterfly, the suicide of a young and beautiful scenario writer in her New York apartment, a custard pie comedian's party and an aftermath of alleged manslaughter, the cold-blooded slaying of an eminent director, and there sat the motion picture public groggy at the breakfast table.

Publicity and the phenomena of motion pictures had made demi-gods and goddesses of these young ladies and gentlemen. But publicity functions as an ax as well as a derrick. It can cut down even more quickly than it builds up.

It was suddenly hacking furiously at the entire fabric of the motion picture industry. Almost everyone out of pictures was suspicious of almost everyone in them. It was Pasqual who said that in the misfortunes of others he found something not entirely displeasing.

Yet it has been my observation that the

population of our symbolic Hollywood could be divided into three classes. It is a kind of well done, medium and rare arrangement. There is the great majority, who for economic or dispositional reasons, or both, live lives of average quiet and propriety. Then there are those who like speed within reason—the medium—and those who like it without it—the rare.

The first class unquestionably contributes the bulk of the man and woman power in Hollywood but doesn't provide very interesting reading. The second would get along pretty well with the daring spirits of the average country club set in most of our cities. They are no more appropriate subjects for an ethical and moral clinic than are large numbers of persons who have found life generally to contain more of fizz and less of substance since the unruffled days of 1914.

It is the third class—the rare—which includes Oscar Dish, the well known "hop head," and Cecilia Spoon, who would be rated as an emotional defective by any amateur psychologist, that has given Hollywood much of its gorgeous black eye.

Here is an instance:

Last year a dope peddler, with a secret route that emanated from Tia Juana in Mexico and terminated in Hollywood, rang the door bell in the hillside mansion of one of our most impeccable celluloid dukes. He convinced the butler his business was important. He was permitted to enter.

When Ulysses with the Grecian map came down to meet the stranger he was glibly offered several tiny packets at a price which led him to believe that there was some scheme on to corner the market in radium.

After Ulysses got the matter straight he drop-kicked the hop-hound through the front door.

The interesting point of this incident is not the brazenness of the drug purveyor, but his logic rather. Hollywood to him was a large area thickly populated with young men and women drawing fabulous



L. A. TIMES NEWS BUREAU

This is the laugh factory where Charles Chaplin produces the plays which have made him the best known human being on earth to-day.

salaries all of whom, in the vernacular, were "on the gun."

What more logical than that one of the highest salaried of them would pay best for the contraband wares of the smuggler? After he was booted through the door, doubtless if there was anything to equal the drug peddler's resentment it was his surprise.

Much is heard of dope these days in Hollywood. The sudden, post-war growth of its use among some of the Alices and Alecks in Wonderland began to shock even those who had acquired a new idea of broadmindedness in Southern California.

It has come to be a kind of dividing line. Those who have had a way of appearing at various social gatherings "full of snow" and addicted to strange antics are looked upon as dangerous and *passé*. This, perhaps, has been the first evidence of self-censorship among the celluloid quarter.

There were just enough genuine celebrities among the happy hypodermics to lead to the belief among the wisecracks that one day an inevitable *exposé* would "kill the screen." This assumption again reveals the unconscious humor of the common logic in Hollywood. It is tantamount to the belief that drama in New York is going to sink without a gurgle because a Woods produces a "Demi-Virgin."

Dope stories began to hit the front pages of the Los Angeles press. Some time ago a young actor and actress, without whom the screen could get along very well, were caught red-handed with the goods in their Hollywood bungalow. The

actor bore—or had assumed—the surname of one of America's foremost dramatic producers. As I recall it he claimed a distant kinship. That just goes to show the luck the screen has been in.

It made spicy reading for one reason, I suppose, because of the reflected glory that inhered in this distinguished monicker. Then there were the customary sob-sister heroics for the actress. It seems that the young lady was

going to turn over a new leaf.

But she naively confessed to the reporters that she and the obscure actor with the illustrious name had been giving "hop" parties to some of the dukes and duchesses of the celluloid quarter. Inasmuch as no names were mentioned the citizens of Los Angeles again had to use their own judgment as to who were who and what was what. But it contributed further to the problem.

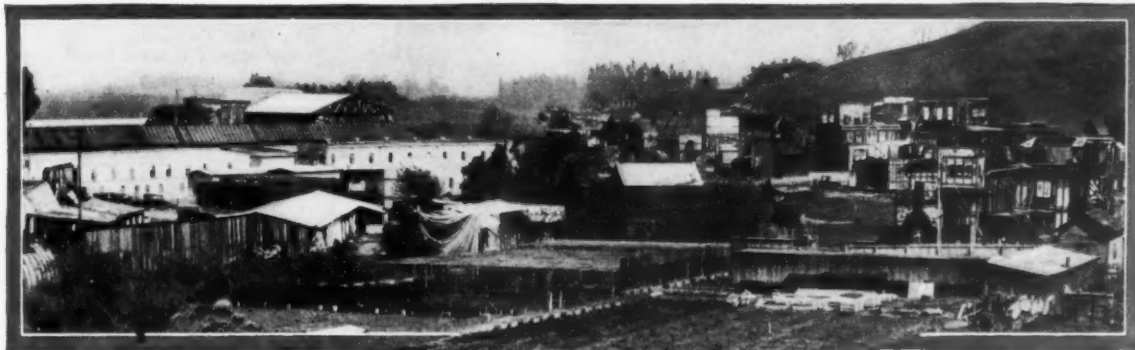
There is no denying that the drug habit has spread among the furious few. Some sociologists claim that this practice is one of the outcroppings of prohibition. If so, there is no place where it might be expected to manifest itself more certainly than among those who may have anything that money can buy.

It is true that among numerous unimportant satellites who are reputed to be in this stellar clique there is also an occasional Venus or Apollo. Where they will wind up may be predicted with some authority, at least, of precedent.

Meantime special dispatches to New York and other points from the Pacific Coast conveying the information that a single "dope" ring extracted as much as \$2,000 a month from an unnamed star is another instance of the gorgeous black eye given to the many by the few.

These episodes and several of the same kind—including that of the young actress who had come into sudden prominence only to be "lost" for several days and found on a lonely road in a canyon near Los Angeles, suffering from an overdose of narcotics—gives the anti-Hollywood faction of Los Angeles a leg to stand on.

(Continued on page 488)



Universal City is one of the great "show places" in Hollywood, and nine out of ten tourists go out to visit it in order to be initiated into the

mysteries of motion picture making. Anything from a Wild West thriller to a Far Northern melodrama can easily be filmed in or near these buildings.

© EWING GALLOWAY

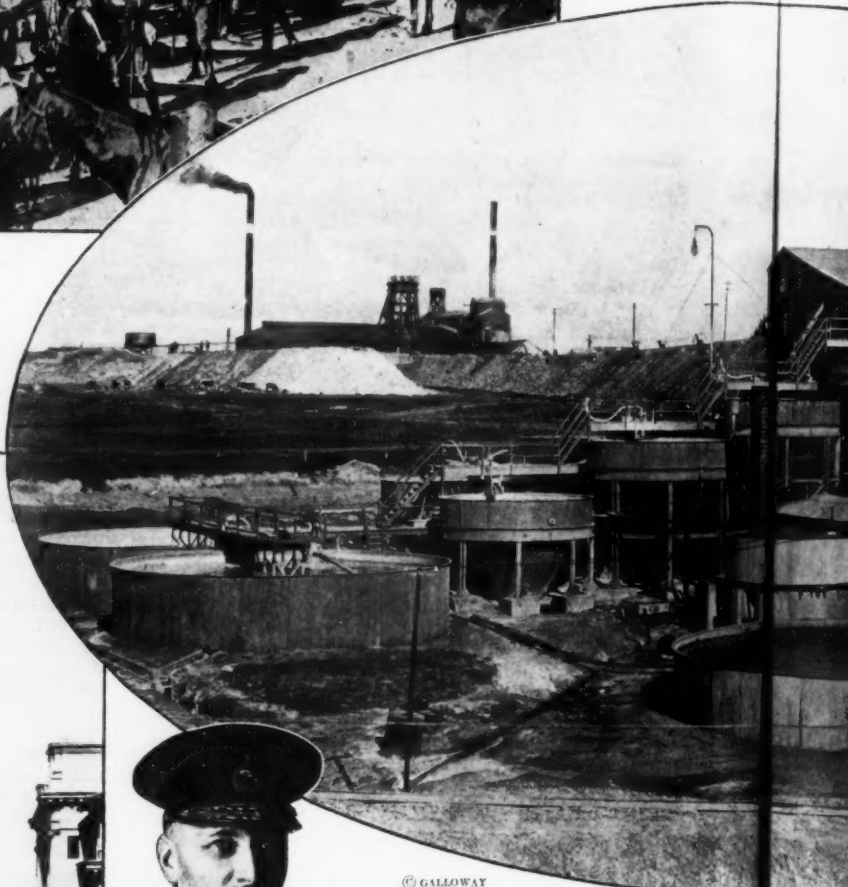
THE GREAT STRIKE SOUTH AFRICA

THE effect of post-war conditions in South Africa has proved a process of deflation (unavoidable in this country) was accompanied by strikes, which finally in early 1922 culminated in a general strike, called by the Executive Committee of the Federation of South Africa, and ended by considerable fighting and



WIDE WORLD

MOUNTED troops encamped in a mine compound. The police guarding the various mines were set upon with great savagery by the strikers. At Benoni, Brakpan, Fordsburg, Jeppes, Sophiatown, Brixton Bridge and many other towns they put up a plucky, but unavailing, fight. In 1913 trouble in one mine caused a strike, which was followed by a general strike, ended by the war. The recent trouble was the worst outbreak since that time.



© GALLOWAY

THE Aurora West United Mine (gold) in the Rand. Gold mine in the Rand ("White Waters Range") in 1885. Johannesburg, where the strikers, is the center of the famous



© GALLOWAY

MARKET STREET, JOHANNESBURG. At one time the shot-marked old mining town was invested on three sides by the strikers. It was enabled to hold out by airplanes which brought food and supplies.



KEYSTONE

Gen. Rt. Hon. Jan Christiaan Smuts, Premier of the South African Union. On taking command of the loyalist forces he made a long reconnaissance, during which he was nearly killed.

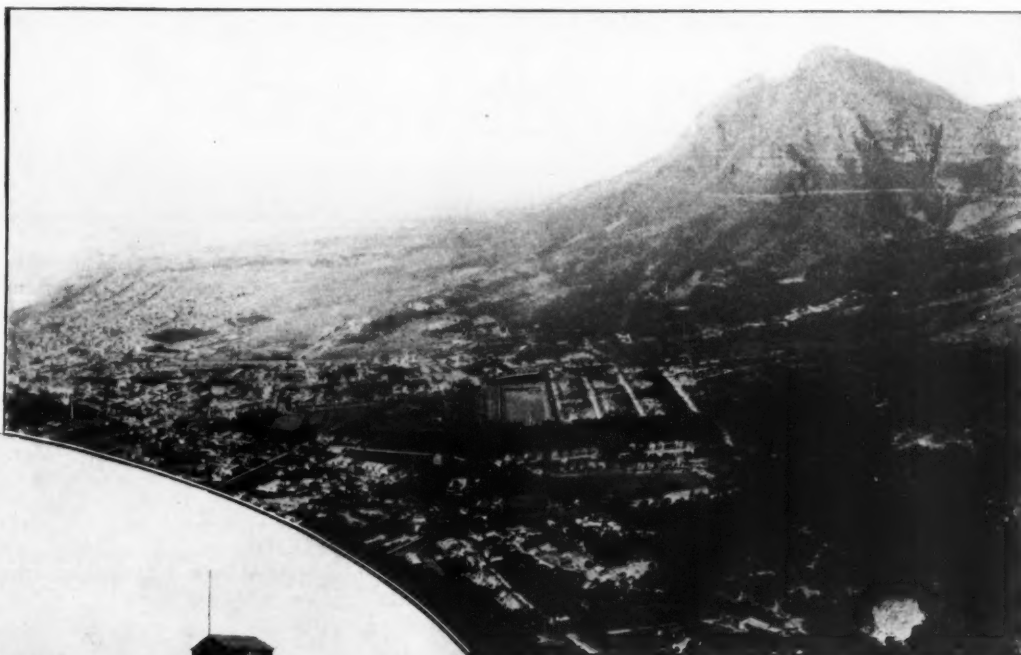


WIDE WORLD

STRIKERS! A few of them—the Bolsheviks and the communists—were not they were merely angry workers who

GREAT RIKE IN H AFRICA

of post-war conditions in
has proved serious. The
ion (unavoidable there as in
s accompanied by numerous
inally in early March cul-
eneral strike, called by the
mitted of the Industrial
uth Africa, and accompanied
e fighting and bloodshed.



KEYSTONE

VIEW of Cape Town and "Devil's Peak." It was here that plans were hastily drafted for the suppression of the "Red Revolution" by General Smuts, Premier of the South African Union, and his staff. The scene of the trouble was hundreds of miles away—in the "Rand" (the Witwatersrand) reef which extends some forty miles along the gold-bearing hills of the southern part of the Transvaal and which has been the scene of many strikes.

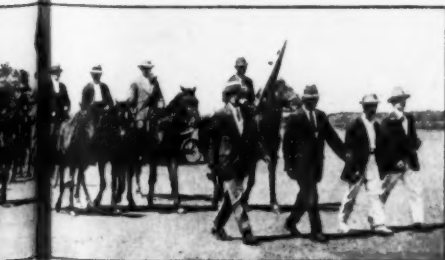


in the mt. Gold was first discovered in the Witwaters-
55. Johannesburg, which for several days was besieged by
e center of the famous gold region.



KEYSTONE

Maj.-Gen. Sir J. L. Van Dersventer, who with Brig. Gen. Conrad Brits was in command of the troops which relieved Johannesburg and scores of other beleaguered mining centers of prominence.

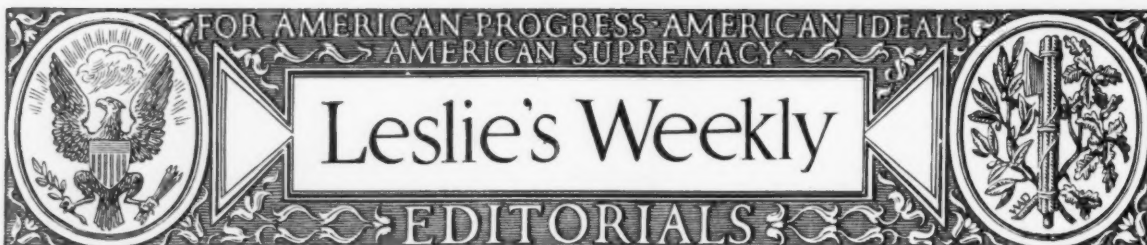


and miners wore red rosettes and cockades. But most of
who said they were being wronged by "Capital."



KEYSTONE

IN this edifice there was much heated palaver during the strike. It is Parliament House, in Cape Town. The leaders of the Labor Party had much to say in the numerous debates, which were not "tea parties"!



Questions for To-morrow

INDIA seethes. Uprisings are frequent in her cities, murder and insurrection are openly preached, the Prince of Wales is flouted on his visit, and the British retaliate, with what seems doubtful wisdom, by imprisoning the gentle and saintly Gandhi and the scholar and philosopher, Lajpat Rai. All this is political and, threatening though it seems, therefore the less formidable to a governing nation skilled in every phase of the game. But a parallel movement of Indian nationalism, of which little or nothing appears in the public prints, may eventually prove more disruptive, because so much more difficult to deal with. India, becoming self-assertive economically, is stretching out a hand in the direction of this country. New steel plants, cotton cloth factories, and other industrial enterprises are being quietly organized with native labor under native management backed by native capital, some of them with direct American co-operation; they look to the United States instead of to England for machinery, equipment, and to some extent for materials. How important is the development of this new opportunity likely to be to our outreaching trade? How damaging to England's commercial interests and, by reflex, her political prestige? Will India be permitted to draw from us unhampered? Or will the British erect an insurmountable tariff wall? If so, how far would India's resentment against this check to her newest expression of nationalism carry her? And what would be the effect upon the relations between this country and England? Questions of apparently minor import to-day, they may imperatively demand solution to-morrow.

Tariff Tangles

TARIFF making is not what it used to be in the good old days. Then there were only home markets to consider. Now our surplus merchandise, eagerly seeking outlet, sadly complicates matters, and the tariff that is meat for one manufacturer's goose may be poison for another manufacturer's gander. A leading American corporation recently put in a bid on equipment for a large public utility in New Zealand. The bid was by far the most favorable entered, in every way, price, quality and delivery. It was promptly rejected, ostensibly because some of the items were in blue when they should have been in black ink, or because of some equally niggling detail. The real reason was that New Zealand, seeing her wool shut out of our markets by the emergency tariff, has privately adopted the motto, "No American goods need apply." This is but one of scores of similar retaliations. The chief desideratum of a tariff-harassed Congress is a trade genius who can devise a system of imposts which will keep some goods out without shutting other goods in. Unhappily the wall with only one side has not yet been invented.

Let in the Light

IN the garment workers' strike of last winter the New York employers were defeated at every point. They deserved to be. Their attitude was wholly arbitrary. Defeat was not, however, an unmitigated disaster; they learned a lesson from it. In the spirit of their hard-bought wisdom they now assure Secretaries Hoover and Davis, who are seeking for a way to avert a new war in the industry, that they will accept the Government's offered inquiry "without limitation either as to the scope of the investigation or the personnel of the

commission." A far cry from their "we'll run our business as we please" slogan of last winter. Unfortunately the union has not been as fair-minded. It quibbles and undertakes to dictate. Its leader talks vaguely about an attempt to revive sweatshop conditions through the medium of the investigation. Certainly such policy on the part of the workers is not calculated to re-enlist that public support which helped to win the winter's strike. As between contestants, one of whom says, "We lay our cards on the table," and the other, "Play our way or not at all," there can be little doubt as to which starts with the public's sympathy. Incidentally, the example of the Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Association might be profitably studied by those coal operators who have consistently fought Government arbitration and blocked impartial investigation of their much more vital business.

A Healthy Spot in Europe

KEEP an eye on little Czecho-Slovakia. While the rest of the war-obsessed nations sit around behind their ruinous armaments glaring suspicion at each other, she attends to business. She has mines and is working them, factories and is running them. There are few labor and no racial troubles; people are busy with the more important matter of production. Her budget is business-like, her taxation scientific, her expenditures economical, her army upkeep in the midst of a continent mad with militarism, small. President Masaryk, an ex-American college professor, does less talking in proportion to work accomplished than any other statesman in Europe, and the Czecho-Slovakians follow his example. Results: exchange almost fifty per cent. of par despite a low metallic reserve, bank deposits swelling, note circulation rapidly decreasing, balance of trade favorable. Not only is the country doing well for herself, but the contiguous parts of bordering nations are profiting commercially from the radiating influence of her health and vigor. To carry on her expansion she proposes to float a loan in the United States. The bonds will be a good investment; none sounder in Europe. Czecho-Slovakia is sawing wood.

Roads to Everywhere

THE first domesticated cow is credited with having been the engineer who laid out the first road. Not an ancient city in Europe but testifies, in the tangled intricacies of its streets, to the vagaries of that cow's descendants. Man improved progressively upon the bovine method of highway establishment until his chosen pathways were bedded in rock, lined with steel and patrolled by monsters that outsped the winds of heaven. With the railroads, said prideful man, had come the last word in the spread of highways. Then the automobile loomed. And where this modern engine of Mercury goes, roads unroll before it like the magic carpet before the feet of the djinn. From Greenland to Patagonia it imperatively demands passage-way to its unknown goal beyond the ridges. Government-inspired associations in Japan, in Australia, in the Argentine, at the Cape of Good Hope preach the gospel of the wheel-bearing path to Everywhere. Propaganda, this is pure propaganda, primarily in the interest of business, but by indirection, and more importantly, for that solidarity which binds communities together and dissolves barriers between nations. The history-old engineering which began with milk, ends with gasoline.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

As We Were Saying

By Arthur H. Folwell

Nature Studies by W. E. Hill

MAKING IT CLEAR

HERE, without more ado or introduction, are two common and accepted statements of fact: (1) Two and two make four. (2) A straight line is the shortest distance between two given points. Here, also, are the same two statements of fact as the authors of the Federal Income Tax Instruction Blank might "simplify" them:

TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR

The numeral two (2 or II), which is the sum total of one and one (1 or I) (see Note A), produces by the rules of simple arithmetic (see Note B) if added to, or multiplied by, itself (2 or II) the sum of four (4 or IV) which is one (1 or I) quadrupled. See Item Nineteen or Items Ten and Nine, which total nineteen, for further confusion.

Note A.—A single unit or symbol representing it.
Note B.—The Science of Numbers.

A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO GIVEN POINTS

That which has length without breadth or thickness (see Euclid, in person, or by letter), provided it extend uniformly in a single direction is the shortest (see Note C) distance between two (2 or II) given state by whom—points (see Note D), points having neither length, breadth nor thickness. (See America first.)

Note C.—Do not confuse with short as applied to pastry, which means crisp.
Note D.—See definition of Two in previous item Two and Two make four.

CCOURT orders separate rooms for mixed jury, says a little news item from Madison, Wis. We should think it would, for sheer propriety's sake, if the jury was to be "locked up for the night."



A MESSAGE FOR GO-GETTERS

OUR efficiency experts, business builders, go-getters and such are overlooking a big responsibility: their duty to the young at Easter. Here is a season when thousands upon thousands of fancy eggs are sold to children, eggs which they will glue to their eyes in order to see what's inside.

Peeking through the magnifying glass at the near-end of the egg, the child will see—what? Probably a view of a rose garden with a Watteau shepherdess and a lamb. Or perhaps a couple with powdered hair, dancing the minuet on a very green grass plot. Nothing practical, nothing of any lasting value, nothing of any value at all.

What a chance is here for those with messages! No trouble to catch the child's eye. You just can't keep it away. Therefore, give it something worth seeing. "Sell" the child something. Let his eye meet that of an earnest man instead of an absurd shepherdess; and let the earnest man be pointing—all this in tiny miniature—and calling attention not to the motto, "A Happy Eastertide," but to some such practical slogan as "Let Me Teach You Steam Engineering." Or traffic management, expert accounting, or other "paying profession."

Stimulate the child's ambition. "Sell him." No place where your message is more certain to be read than on the inside of an Easter egg. The eyes will have it.

IN DECLINING to sit in at the Genoa conference, America seems to have been guilty of a breach of etiquette. It should have returned Columbus's call, if only to leave cards.

IF his recent visit was designed to soothe India, it may be said, in this case, that the Prince of Wales turned out to be a poor fish.

When the jury is "locked up for the night!"



'Let the earnest man be pointing—all this in tiny miniature—and calling attention not to the motto, "A Happy Eastertide," but to some such practical slogan as, "Let me teach you steam engineering." Or traffic management, expert accounting or other "paying profession."'

During the war the song, "Where Do We Go From Here?" was chanted by the army. Now Congress sings it, and nobody knows the answer.

THE RUINED OCEAN

**"ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep."**

In peace to sleep? Alas, not so,
For Science brings the radio,
And telephoned o'er leagues of foam
Come messages from "friends" at home.
"Hello there, Bill! Been seasick yet?
We phoned you to decide a bet."

"Say, Bill, they've raised your office rent
And swear they won't come down a cent."
"Hey, Bill, a storm is on the way;
It's due to hit your ship to-day."
"Say, Bill, we thought you'd like to know;
Your stocks have struck a record low."
"Say, Bill, we hear the plague's in Rome;
Your wife is worried; says come home."
"Oh, Bill, your house caught fire to-night;
Loss as yet unknown. Will write."
"And, Bill, they pinched your Scotch and rye. . . .
Don't know. . . . Perhaps the firemen did. . . . Good-by."

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep.
In peace to sleep? Alas, not so,
For Science brings the radio.

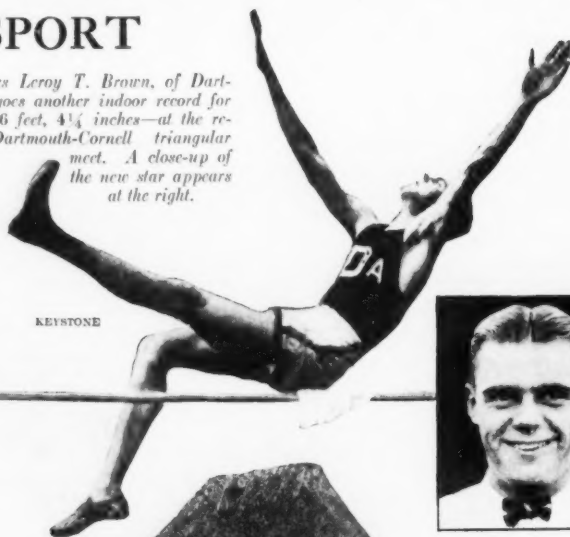
IN THE WORLD OF SPORT



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Ever think of a Metropolitan Opera star as a "Y. M. C. A. boy"? Well, here's one: Orville Harrold, one of the few really celebrated American tenors, keeps fit by playing handball at the West Side "Y." After a few games and a shower Mr. Harrold is ready to tackle any old rôle.

Over the bar goes Leroy T. Brown, of Dartmouth, and up goes another indoor record for the high jump—6 feet, 4½ inches—at the recent Harvard-Dartmouth-Cornell triangular meet. A close-up of the new star appears at the right.



KEYSTONE



WIDE WORLD

How's this for a clubhouse? It belongs to the Panama Golf Club, Panama Canal Zone. The members seen here were snapped recently while gathered around a guest of honor from Chicago—Charles Comiskey, owner of the "White Sox."



KEYSTONE

"Mere man" is still supreme in the world of billiards; but women are learning how to handle the ivory globules. Oh, yes! For example, there's Miss Mary Johnson, who has boldly announced that she will defend her title of world's champion woman billiard player against anyone, anywhere, any time! Here the champion is shown showing her skill at pool.



P. & A.

He may not be especially beautiful, but he is undeniably a patrician. He is Man-o-War's first son—"out of Masquerade by Disguise," as the horse experts express it. As the famous old song has it, "he was born in old Kentucky," in Lexington, to be exact, the other day. If he proves to be a chip off the old block we will hear further from him some day.

Epicures Abroad

(Concluded from page 467)

convince him that he has been eating ice cream.

Nevertheless, the French serve the best balanced meals in Europe. Their preparation of poultry and game is unsurpassed so far as the average palate is concerned. And the pride they take in their amazing confections is quite justified. If you explain carefully to a French head waiter what you want and how you desire it to be served, he will do his utmost to satisfy you and generally succeed.

During and since the war Germany, of course, has been at a disadvantage in the matter of comparison with other countries, but conditions are returning close enough to those of pre-war days so that the visitor with plenty of cash can have much the same fare as in olden times. And the high spots, as of yore, are pork and goose and veal and sausage.

Now, German roast goose would be good if the cook forgot to remove it from the oven for an extra hour or so. As it ordinarily appears on the table, the flesh is red and tough and stringy. Suckling pigs are eaten in the same state of rawness and I think it is generally conceded that if one meat above another ought to be well done, it is pork. Then there are the eternal chopped carrots, and parsley.

Nevertheless, given the materials, Germany makes the best ice cream in Europe and the devotee of sauerkraut will find the present product quite up to the old standard.

We cross the line into Denmark and, as Schoolmaster Squeers in "Nicholas Nickleby" said, "Here's richness!"

Dairy country that she is, Denmark is frightfully careless with her butter. She fills her pastry with it, fries everything in it, eats tons of it on her bread and drops great lumps of it on to every likely-looking place.

Sea food holds an important place in the Danish diet. In Copenhagen are a number of restaurants which serve nothing but fish. You pay a flat price and are served with a huge platter containing from eight to twelve varieties, with two or three kinds of sauce on the side. The food is so fresh and so well cooked that the temptation to overeat is great. And that holds true of the rich, delicate pastries which are a part of each meal.

Another country of wholesome food and giant portions is Holland. The first custom that strikes the tourist as remarkable is that of serving cheese for breakfast. But after he has tried a few of those thin, golden slices and finds that they agree with him, he concludes that it isn't such a mad proceeding after all. The possibility of obtaining good coffee is a comfort.

I suppose there is no place in Europe where vegetables are prepared better than in Holland, or more of them consumed.

And so it is that all of the European kitchens have their good points as well as their bad ones. Here in America we have been able to combine most of the good ones because we have drawn upon the universe for our culinary talent. It is to be expected. But if a foreigner is inclined to be critical he can find plenty of material here.



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Keeps teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

Attack it daily

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combatant.

Now dental science, after long research,

has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combatants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

Two other effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature's tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

Millions employ it

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

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- ☐ Civil Engineering
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Who Pays for Our Roads?

MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Subscribers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. No charge is made for this service. Please remember that a two-cent stamp should be inclosed for reply.

WHAT does the motorist pay for the roads? Ask this question of some of our benighted legislators and the answer will be, "Practically nothing"; ask it of an automobile owner and he will say, "All of it—two or three times over"; ask it of a statistician and he will tell you that the total tax on automobiles and parts (including license fees) amounted to nearly double the maintenance costs of the entire road system of the country. And so the automobile owner is right!

Such a statement as that made by the above-mentioned statistician may surprise the average conservative motorist whose fifteen to thirty dollar a year State license fee on his passenger car may seem like a small proportion of his share of road maintenance cost. It is a fact, however, that the Federal Excise Tax on passenger cars, trucks, accessories, parts and tires amounted to nearly \$120,000,000; the State license fees to another \$125,000,000 and personal property taxes on motor vehicles brought the total to nearly \$340,000,000 for the year of 1921. During that period the total maintenance cost of the highways of our country was \$180,000,000. This left a balance obtained from the motorcar industry of approximately \$260,000,000 which could have been applied to the construction of new highways.

The fact that the balance of this money was not so applied but that it was diverted into other channels from which the motor vehicle owner receives no exclusive benefit, represents one of the glaring faults of our present system of taxation.

Every fair minded motorist will admit that it is right and just that he should be made to pay his share of road deterioration. The modern hard-surfaced highway represents a direct convenience to him without which his motor vehicle would prove of more value as a hen roost than as medium of transportation, but he cannot feel that his pneumatic-tired passenger car or cushion-tired truck should bear the entire brunt of road repairs and maintenance when sharp-shod horses and steel-covered wagon wheels create a

considerable amount of road destruction for which they pay nothing.

We have pointed out before that the aggregation of motorists has been looked upon as a veritable gold mine by legislators as a means for raising additional funds. The ease with which such funds have been collected and the apparent willingness of the car and truck owner to bear two or three times more than his share of the burden has made him so easy a subject that annually dozens of bills increasing the license fees are presented in each State.

We have described frequently the tremendous value of good roads even to the man who has never ridden in an automobile. In so far as the prosperity and happiness of the country is dependent on transportation, so far do good roads contribute to the life of this country. The old farmer who never had been in a railroad train until a few years ago was benefited by the railroad through its influence on the community in which he lived; and so it is with roads.

If only the car or truck owner be taxed for highway maintenance—on the basis that they are his own personal toy and tool, as it were—even then we find that this one class of citizen is paying nearly double the upkeep cost of the roads in the country used by horses as well as by motor driven vehicles, and yet motorists are called upon constantly in the various States to fight proposed legislation which seeks to double, or even treble, the present license fees, merely to satisfy the needs of a State administration whose expenses have reached the point where the man who does not own a truck or car, will no longer accept increased taxation.

The leading men in the automobile



Not pretty, perhaps, but unquestionably effective is this warning sign, one of several somewhat similar ones put up at grade crossings in San Antonio, Tex.

© UNDERWOOD

industry are responsible for statements that the manufacturers and owners are willing to bear the entire expense of road repair and road maintenance, even though the damage occasioned by them may not represent over half of the expenditure. But if increased license fees are to be imposed on truck and car owners, simple justice demands that the additional revenue thus obtained be put back into the better repair and construction of additional permanent roads.

Users pay for electricity, gas and water in proportion to the amount consumed. Such a license fee for highway maintenance, based on the amount of road used, might sound ideal, but its application would prove impractical and would necessitate a continual check of speedometer readings and investigations of mileage traveled and loads carried, the results from which would not warrant the support of the extremely large staff which would be required.

When water, gas or electric light rates becomes excessively high, however, consumers may often find relief by appeal to the State legislature or special public service commission. Then if it be shown that the rates charged are returning more than a fair amount on the investment, a reduction is ordered. Figures have shown, however, that the total amount of tax paid by the motor vehicle industry and owners is nearly 100 per cent, in excess of the maintenance costs, and if we add an additional 25 per cent, to cover bond interest on newly projected roads, we will find a tremendous profit accruing to the highways department. The trouble, however, lies in the fact that the money thus secured is not all applied to highways but is diverted to other uses.

We must not forget that, like a spare tire, the unused road deteriorates almost as rapidly as does the one subjected to moderate traffic, and that consequently the motor vehicle cannot be blamed for the entire road deterioration in the country. This deterioration of highways, due to the action of weather, settling of the soil and the like, is a charge which should be equally distributed upon all highway users regardless of the nature of the vehicles employed.

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why the inside of some cylinder heads is now machined to a perfectly smooth surface?
 2. Why oxygen "burns" carbon?
- Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

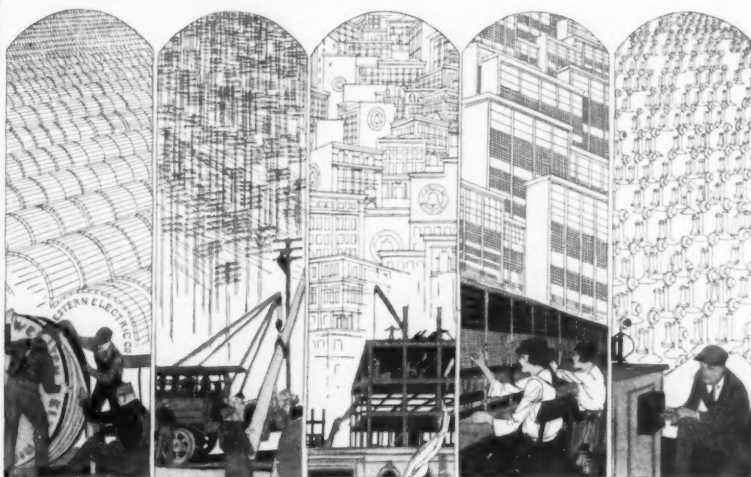
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOUND IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE MOTOR DEPARTMENT.

1. What an irreversible steering gear is?

A strictly irreversible steering gear is one in which the front wheels can be turned on their steering spindles only by the wheel itself. This type of steering on a passenger car, however, makes such a high gear reduction that the majority of steering gears are made semi-reversible, in which the steering wheel can be turned if sufficient power is applied to the front wheels themselves.

2. Why do exhaust valves require greater clearance or "more play" than intake valves?

Valve clearance is necessary merely to assure perfect valve seating. If the clearance is not sufficient the heat may expand the valve stems to the point where a tight fit will not be obtained between the valve and its seat and the exhaust or intake gases will escape from the cylinder. The exhaust valve is subjected to a greater degree of heat than is the intake valve and in consequence its expansion will be proportionately greater.



UNDERGROUND LINES AERIAL LINES BUILDINGS SWITCHBOARDS TELEPHONES

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In 1921 alone, 450,000 new poles were placed—enough to make a telephone line from New York to Hong Kong. The aerial wire put into service in the same year, 835,000 miles in all, is enough to string 60 wires on such a telephone line.

1,875,000 miles of wire, enclosed in 1,500 miles of cable,

were added to underground and submarine lines in 1921. New underground duct totaling 11,000,000 feet was constructed, this representing approximately 300 miles of subway. 69 new central office buildings and important additions were completed or in progress, and new switchboards with a capacity of many thousands of connections were installed.

This equipment added to the Bell System, great though it is in volume and value, represents but a small part of the vast property which enables the telephone on your desk to give the service to which you are accustomed. And to meet the increasing demands for new service, the work of construction goes on.



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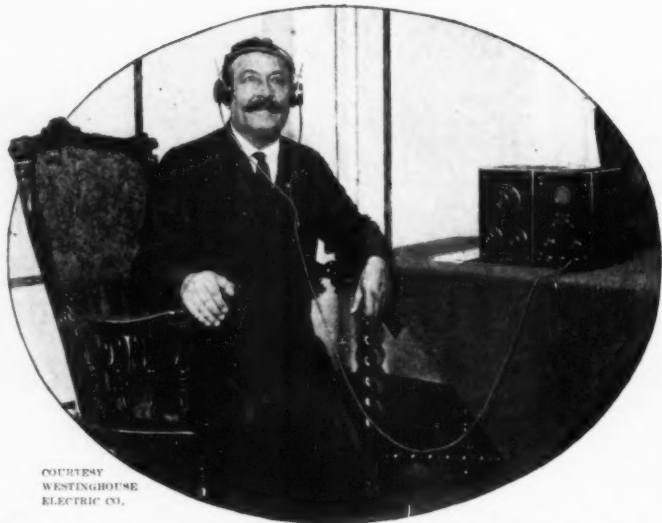
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Radio Department

Conducted by

William H. Easton, Ph.D.



COURTESY
WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC CO.

Anybody who has a receiving apparatus can hear other people talk, but to few
is it given to hear their own voices coming across space from a distant point.
Here we see Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, listening to one of his own sermons
being broadcasted from East Pittsburgh. Mr. Smith is seated in his room in a
Pittsburgh hotel.

What Can You Hear in Your Home?

IF I buy a radio receiver, which
broadcasting stations shall I be
able to hear? This is naturally the
first question to be asked by anyone who
has become interested in the concerts,
news, speeches and sermons that are fly-
ing through the ether.

It depends mainly upon four things:

1. The kind of receiver purchased.
2. The location of your home.
3. Atmospheric conditions on a given night.
4. Local topographical conditions.

There are two principal kinds of re-
ceivers—crystal detector and vacuum
tube.

The crystal detector receivers are sim-
ple and inexpensive, but their range is
very limited. They cannot be depended
upon to receive radiotelephone messages
from stations over twenty miles away.
If there is a station in your immediate
vicinity you will be able to hear its pro-
gram with a crystal detector receiver,
but you cannot expect anything more.

Vacuum tube receivers, on the other
hand, have a very much wider range.
Even the simpler instruments should
receive messages from distances of at
least 100 miles, while the better grades
can hear stations 1,000 miles away under
favorable conditions.

The experience of an owner of a good
vacuum tube receiver living near Can-
ton, Ohio, gives a good idea as to what
results can be obtained.

"KDKA, Pittsburgh, comes in clearly
and loudly at all times. WJZ, Newark,
N. J., can be generally heard clearly.

WBL, Detroit, Mich., is always clear
and often loud. KYW, Chicago, is
heard at times, and occasionally WGY,
Schenectady. Sometimes I catch WBZ
at Springfield, but this last is usually
faint. In addition, several local stations
are generally to be heard, and some-
times I pick up some of the more distant
stations."

Study the table of stations given on
this page. If you are within 300 miles
of any of them, you can count upon a
worthwhile entertainment from a good
vacuum tube receiver. Or, to put this
in another way, persons living in the
following States are well within the
limits of good broadcasting service:

New Hampshire	Pennsylvania	Illinois
Vermont	Delaware	Michigan
Massachusetts	Maryland	Wisconsin
Rhode Island	Virginia	Minnesota
Connecticut	West Virginia	Iowa
New York	Ohio	Missouri
New Jersey	Indiana	California

However, the area outside of these
States is by no means deprived of radio
news and music. Local stations serve
a very large part of it; and to a really
first-class receiver, there are practically
no blank spots anywhere in the United
States and the greater part of Canada.

Atmospheric conditions have a great
deal to do with the matter of range,
however. The "transparency" of the
ether varies greatly, and while a given
receiver may at times have a range of
1,000 miles, it may at other times be un-
able to hear the most powerful station
fifty miles away. Fortunately, good
conditions, especially at night, are much
more common than poor ones.

Local conditions also exert an influence. Thus KDKA, Pittsburgh, cannot be heard at all in some parts of West Virginia, whereas WBZ, Springfield, Mass., comes in quite clearly. And to balance matters, there are parts of Massachusetts where KDKA is always a reliable performer, but WBZ is rarely received. In addition, radiotelephone messages can be heard more clearly in the country than in a city. It is, therefore, impossible to foretell in advance just what stations can or cannot be heard in any given locality; but something is almost certain to be heard anywhere by a good receiver.

Telephoning to Ships at Sea

By hunting around the 450-meter area, radio listeners in the eastern part of the United States can frequently pick up conversations between people on the shore and those on ships at sea.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company has a powerful radio station at Deal Beach, N. J. This is connected with the telephone system, so that the voice of a subscriber in his office or home can be received by wire, broadcasted by radio, picked up by the ship, and transmitted by the ship's telephone system to the stateroom of the other party to the conversation. It is stated that successful results have been obtained with ships over 1,000 miles away. Within a short time any telephone station in America can be placed in direct communication with any Atlantic or Pacific liner.

At present, the conversation is open to all radio receivers within range, but it is understood that the Telephone Company plans to distort the radio messages so that they will be intelligible only to the specially designed receivers installed on ships subscribing to the system.

HIGH-POWERED BROADCASTING STATIONS OFFERING REGULAR PROGRAMS

All operated on wave lengths of approximately 350 meters.

WGI, MEDFORD HILLSIDE, MASS. (Amrad).
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (Westinghouse).
WGY, SCHENECTADY, N. Y. (General Electric).
WJZ, NEWARK, N. J. (Radio Corporation—Westinghouse).

*WYCB, BEDLOE'S ISLAND, N. Y. (U. S. Signal Corps).

KDKA, PITTSBURGH, PA. (Westinghouse).
WBL, DETROIT, MICH. (Detroit News).

KYW, CHICAGO, ILL. (Westinghouse).

*Actual wave length 1,550 meters, but can also be heard on about 365 meters.

LOCATIONS OF OTHER STATIONS

JERSEY CITY, N. J.	KANSAS CITY, MO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	DALLAS, TEX.
ATLANTA, GA.	DENVER, COL.
CINCINNATI, O.	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
MADISON, WIS.	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
LINCOLN, NEB.	SEATTLE, WASH.

In addition, several hundred small stations are scattered throughout the country.

A TYPICAL PROGRAM

The following program of one of the larger stations (KDKA) illustrates the general character of broadcasting service.

WEEK DAYS

10.00 to 10.15 A.M.—News and music.
12.30 to 1.00 P.M.—News and music.
2.00 to 2.20 P.M.—News and music.
4.00 to 4.20 P.M.—News and music.
7.30 to 7.45 P.M.—Stories for children.
7.45 to 8.30 P.M.—News, agricultural reports, weather forecast and speeches.

8.30 to 9.00 P.M.—Musical program.
9.00 to 9.05 P.M.—News.
9.05 to 9.30 P.M.—Musical program.
10.00 P.M.—Arlington time signals.

SUNDAYS

Church services at 10.45 A.M., 3 P.M., 7.30 P.M.

Do You Want to Die Young?

A Question That Every Stout Man Must Answer

By Clarence Bursal

Not until my physician asked me this startling question did I realize that by allowing myself to grow fat I was cutting off years of my life. Like the average person, I gave little thought to the care of my body. I did not pay any attention to the simple rules to keep my weight normal and my health better. I did not notice that I was fast taking on flesh and losing activity. My physician scared me. My doctor said: "You will certainly die young unless you check your weight. By remaining over stout you will shorten your life."

Fat People Die Young

The doctor told me that thousands of people die too early because they weigh too much. In the United States more than 1,200 people die every day because of obesity. Life insurance figures show that fat people die young. Superfluous flesh, if neglected leads to heart disease, kidney trouble and intestinal disturbances. Few people realize that over-stoutness is dangerous. In fact, often leads to apoplexy and heart trouble. How many of them can climb a short flight of stairs without panting or holding their hands to their hearts? How many can walk a block at a fair gait without stopping to catch their breath? In addition to causing mental and physical inefficiency, my doctor convinced me that fatness imposed a terrific strain on the vital organs. They are practically mashed and compressed by the weight of flesh.

Why Fat People Suffer

Aside from the matter of shortened life, fat people suffer many discomforts. I know, because I have suffered. Who would not do away with the pain and the strain of standing and walking? Who would not do away with headaches, tired backs? Who would not improve one's appearance, becoming more slender and graceful? Who would not get away from being the "butt" of jokes on fat people? I determined to rid myself of my pendulous abdomen.

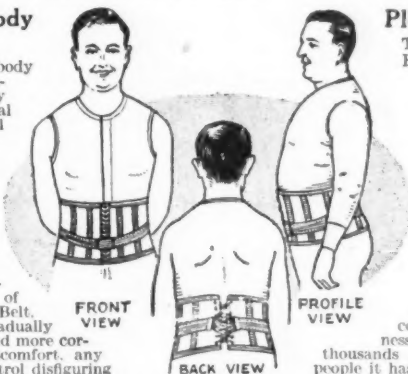
I determined to improve my appearance. I determined to make a better man of myself. I determined to overcome the embarrassment of an abnormal waistline. I wanted to be physically well; I wanted to be fit; I wanted to be wide awake; I wanted to live all the years allotted me, so I took the doctor's advice.

How I Improved My Appearance

At the doctor's suggestion, I started wearing a "Wonder" Health Belt. It is a reducing belt which he had recommended to many stout people and which had given wonderful results. Before very long a sure and satisfying change in my person was noticeable. The belt required no self-denial, no medication, no fasting, no violent exercise, but it acted as a sort of mechanical muscle, lifting my unnatural weight from the lower abdomen and supporting the intestines in their natural position. It gave those tired, weakened muscles a new lease on life. Soon I began to feel the pulsing energy of health and a real zest for life. The "Wonder" Belt has given me great relief, and I recommend it to all people who are over stout.

A Perfect Body Brace

Besides being a body builder, the "Wonder" Belt decidedly improves the general appearance and posture. In supporting a misplaced stomach or an extra large pendulous abdomen, it is a necessity. That grotesque deformity soon disappears under the figure conforming support of the "Wonder" Belt. The waistline gradually becomes smaller and more correct. Without discomfort, any fat person can control disfiguring obesity.



Pleasant to Wear

The "Wonder" Health Belt is absolutely harmless. It is more comfortable for fat people than its absence. It adds to the suppleness and grace of those who are over-stout. The "Wonder" Health Belt to many is the bringing about of the change from discomfort to comfort; from sickness to health. To thousands and thousands of people it has meant the dawn of a new day.

"Wonder" Health Belt—A Boon to Fat Men

The Wonder Health Belt embodies every improved feature of corrective support in obesity. It is convenient in form and in shape. It solves the problem of reducing superfluous flesh in the gentlest and most comfortable way without undue pressure on any part. The belt conforms to every movement of the body. It is resilient and non-rustable, does not wrinkle and overlap. It is extremely light making it desirable for summer wear and is easily laundered. It is comfortable and effective. Easy to adjust. If you are over-stout, get a Wonder Health Belt and improve your appearance and add years to your life. Worn and recommended by over 400,000 people.

Free Trial Offer Send No Money

For your health's sake, take immediate advantage of this trial offer. Examine and wear the belt. Test its claims and actual use. Prove it to yourself. Wear it five days at our expense. If at the end of that time you feel it is helpful, remit \$3.00. If not, return the belt. The trial costs you nothing. You assume no obligation. Send the coupon in to-day.

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307 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

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307 Hill Street,
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Address.....

Town.....



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LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

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A GOOD OUTLOOK FOR SOUND SECURITIES

ON THE whole, the action of the securities market recently has been encouraging to those who hope for permanently higher prices. Quotations have fluctuated frequently and some issues have made substantial advances, others losses. It is not yet certain that these figures—adverse or favorable—will be maintained beyond the immediate future. The undertone of the market, however, appears to be strong. If this is a true diagnosis, the trend of values should in general henceforth be upward. Issues which have already advanced should reach higher levels and those which have declined should experience recovery. There is good ground for the argument that a bull market has begun in mild earnest and that bearish tactics can no longer succeed on a broad scale.

This conviction has warrant in the steadily improving business situation. All over the land industrial and commercial circles are displaying new and increasing confidence. Optimism is growing daily, although progress toward normal is not marked except in special instances. The movement forward is not like that of a full, fast-flowing river, but rather like that of a glacier, whose flow is not discerned, but which, nevertheless, does move. Were there not going on a general development of business activity the story of the stock market would be different and less assuring. The market is holding up the mirror to and discounting the not distant action of business.

Providing that improvement in business continues, what forecast can we safely make of security prices? This is not a tipster's department and no precise figures or dates will here be presented. But some reasonable conclusions of sound foresight may be arrived at. It is probable that at an early day, with reduced interest rates on money, a 6 per cent. return on investments will be deemed liberal. Stocks of merit will, therefore, then sell at prices to yield not more, but perhaps less, than that percentage. The inevitable result will have been enhanced values in all securities of the better class. The non-dividend and speculative issues may share in the rise, but the dividend-payers whose earnings shall seem secure will, without doubt, mount to figures meaning material profits to their present holders.

To all investors an object lesson is offered in the climb of United States

Steel common from the low 70's to well in the 90's. This stock pays at present only 5 per cent. which is but a moderate return on the market valuation. At 70, even, its yield was low compared with that of many another meritorious issue. Earnings of the corporation were not at their best. But the public firmly relied on it and believed that it would eventually regain its old prosperity and that this would signify an increased dividend. Accordingly Steel common rose gradually more than 20 points, a very satisfactory reward for patient owners. No spectacular fireworks signalized this upward move. It was a creeping process, largely independent of the influence of manipulation. There are numerous issues which bid fair to follow Steel's example of gradual appreciation during this very year.

To be specific, here is a group of meritorious stocks that, if there be no unexpected adverse happenings, should show distinct betterment of price within the next few months: American Telephone & Telegraph Company shares, paying \$9; Allis-Chalmers common, paying \$4, and preferred, \$7; American Steel Foundries common, paying \$3, and preferred, \$7; American Woolen common, \$7; Canadian Pacific, \$10, and Union Pacific, \$10, each destined, probably, to reach \$150; Delaware & Hudson, \$9; International Mercantile Marine preferred, \$6, with \$42 in arrears, bound in time for par; Kansas City Southern preferred, \$4, and making a net yield of more than 7 per cent; Mexican Petroleum, \$12, and preferred \$8; American Car & Foundry common, \$12; Southern Pacific, \$6; New York Central, \$5, but with expectations of a higher dividend; Pennsylvania Railroad, paying only \$2, but strengthened by the road's better prospects; White Motors, \$4; Bethlehem Steel common, \$5, and first preferred, \$8; and United States Rubber, preferred, paying \$8. These stocks are still cheap; their dividends seem safe and they have speculative possibilities equal, at least, to most of the non-dividend payers. The advances in them will not be uniform; they will differ more or less, but they are almost sure to occur. Investment in such issues now would be wise, both because of current return and prospective profit.

Answers to Inquiries

M. TULSA, OKLA.: The future of the copper stocks depends on a firmer market for the red metal. Chili Copper has never paid a dividend and Nevada Consolidated is at present paying nothing. With resumption of dividends, Nevada will undoubtedly go higher

and perhaps reach the figure you paid. Chile Copper seems a longer pull speculation, but if the market continues to move upward, Chile stock will advance. No Liberty bonds mature this year. Some Victory notes do. The Government is exchanging Treasury notes for Victory notes, thus extending the debt for a few years.

S. BURLINGTON, VT.: Among bonds that may be bought with reasonable safety and that make a fair return are the real estate issues offered by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., Miami, Fla., and the Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, Ill., New York Central deb. 6s, Republic of Chile 8s, U. S. Steel 5s, International Mercantile Marine 6s, and Montana Power 5s.

H. BROSOKVILLE, FLA.: Southwestern Bell Telephone 7s, Sears Roebuck 7s, and Middle West Utilities Co. 8s are reasonably safe short term investments, interest payments on which should be maintained and which should be properly cared for at maturity.

J. SPOKANE, WASH.: The Union Bag & Paper Co. is no longer paying 8 per cent. The dividend was recently reduced to 6 per cent. That accounts for the drop in quotation. If this dividend can be maintained the stock is worth the present market price.

W. PARKERSBURG, W. VA.: The Congonole Co.'s 7 per cent, 1st preferred stock appears to be a good business man's investment, as the company seems to be prospering.

U. WELLSBURG, LA.: The Y Oil & Gas Co.'s stock is quoted at 18c. My advices show that the company has only moderate holdings. The low price of the stock indicates the doubtfulness of the company's future.

F. BUTLER, PA.: The Sequah Oil Co.'s stock is no longer quoted, even in letters of brokers who deal in speculative stocks of little value. The company has paid no dividend since Oct., 1917, and it had a very small surplus at the end of 1920. Stock of which you can get 10,000 shares for \$37.50 must be only a fake. The price is ridiculous. Such stock is issued only to sell and dupe the people. To start a Government investigation into a fraudulent stock selling scheme just notify the nearest United States District Attorney—the address of whom any lawyer can give you—and lay before him the facts of the case.

T. TACOMA, WASH.: An honestly conducted oil syndicate may be about as reliable a venture for the small investor as any other. The amount of the investment is limited, the loss in case the syndicate proves a failure is not large, while the profit if the syndicate succeeds is considerable. But choose your syndicate with care.

L. DOWNERS GROVE, ILL.: You could prudently invest your \$2500 in Middle States Oil, Texas Oil, Allis-Chalmers, Studebaker, Owens Bottle, Swift International, Westinghouse and Mexican Petroleum. You would do better to buy Mexican Petroleum pfd. than Texas Oil. Pierce Arrow is believed by some to be due for a rise, but it is paying no dividend and is only a speculation. The others in your list are all dividend payers and fair purchases.

S. BOWLING GREEN, KY.: The various Durant branch companies will not detract from the earnings of the parent company. They are controlled by it and the majority of the profits must go into its treasury. The Durant Motor Company of New York was organized to assemble and distribute Durant cars in the Atlantic Coast Territory and in the export trade; the Durant Co. of Michigan in the territory between the Adirondacks and the Rocky Mountains; the Durant Company of California on the Pacific Coast.

Z. GLASTONBURY, CONN.: The Piggly Wiggly Corporation receives royalties of 1 1/2 per cent. on gross sales of 575 grocery stores operated in 28 states. It owns one-third of the stock of the Piggly Wiggly Stores, Inc., and of course profits by that. The Piggly Wiggly Eastern Company formed not long ago plans a chain of 2,000 stores in New York and New Jersey. The Piggly Wiggly Corporation preferred dividend is being paid, but nothing has been paid on common since last February. The former dividend on common was \$4 a year. Earnings have so improved that the Corporation's President announced that a small dividend on common would be declared for April.

D. FARGO, N. DAK.: Western Pacific preferred appears to be a very good stock as it is paying dividends and the outlook for the railway is fair. It is impossible to tell when United Retail Stores will resume dividends. I am not much taken with your investment of 5,000 marks in Berlin 4s, but perhaps the venture will turn out well. Pan American Petroleum, Middle States Oil, Great Northern Ore, Swift International, Manhattan Elevated, and Cuban Cane debts, are attractive business men's purchases with more or less of the speculative in them. If you buy Radio pfd. and Chicago Nipple, it should be merely as long pull speculations.

K. BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Should you sell N. Y. Air Brake at its present price, you would suffer a considerable loss. In view of the present temper of the market it might be better to hold the stock a little longer at least, with hope of higher price. Burns Brothers common offers you a little profit on your shares. The fact that the stock has reached such a high figure appears to have largely discounted the future and it seems wise to take the profit. General Asphalt common is a good stock to get out of. It is paying no dividends and no return is in sight. American International has lately been improving in price and there are those who predict a fine future for the company. Perhaps you should hold the stock awhile. Ann Arbor pfd., a non-dividend payer, is speculative and may already have had quite an advance.

M. DENVER, COLO.: Your worry over the decline in Citicase Service preferred is natural, but there is less reason for it than you imagine. The company is strong, and its preferred stock has merit. It is still paying dividends, though in scrip. The latter will some day be redeemed. The company resorted to scrip because the decline in price of crude oil reduced earnings. Predictions are made that the price of oil will advance and if it does, the prices of oil stocks will go higher. In the long run Citicase Service pfd. should sell for the price you paid for it. It is not advisable to sell it at a loss.

B. CHICAGO, ILL.: I do not consider Swift International quite so safe a buy as American Tel. & Tel. The presi-



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30x3 1/2	-----	11.25	33x4	-----	17.00	34x4 1/2	-----	23.20
32x3 1/2	-----	13.50	34x4	-----	18.60	35x4 1/2	-----	24.05
31x4	-----	14.10	32x4 1/2	-----	21.10	33x5	-----	25.25

Send no money. Just write today and tell us the size of your tires and the number you want. Tires will be shipped C. O. D. with section unwrapped for inspection. All tires have non-skid tread.

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dent of Swift International, however, says that the company is in fine financial condition with a large surplus and the dividend seems to be assured. It would seem prudent enough to buy some shares of Swift International. Its yield on market price does not materially differ from the yield on Middle States Oil, American LaFrance, Great Northern Ore, American Steel Foundries or White Motors.

S. ISHPEMING, MICH.: If you sold Swift & Co. 7s and Anaconda 7s as well as Victory Notes for investment in Steel common and American Locomotive common, it was not the safest move. The bonds are safer and make a good yield, and Steel and Locomotive have largely discounted the future. However, they are reasonably safe issues. Instead of selling other securities to buy Nevada Copper, you had better sell your Nevada holdings and buy the other securities. Safer copper stocks would be Anaconda, Inspiration, Kennecott, Utah.

B. ELKHART, KAN.: It is hard to say whether oils, motors, or coppers will advance the quickest. Pools may get active in any one of them at any time. Out of the seven stocks which you mention my first choice would be Middle States Oil, which is paying a dividend and which is likely to be taken in hand by a pool some day. Hupp Motor makes returns, but I do not see very great possibilities for it. The other stocks are paying no dividends and that makes it more difficult to push prices up. Of the two coppers I prefer Kennecott, which may in time resume dividends, in which case the shares should sell higher. General Motors preferred should be a better buy than General Motors common. Sinclair Oil has a future, but how soon it is to realize it cannot be foretold. Ray Consolidated Copper is still speculative, with but little reason to advance. Invincible Oil has been rising, but how far it will go I can't tell. You are mistaken as to the number of members of the New York Stock Exchange and of the Consolidated Exchange which lately got into trouble. Only 3 Stock Exchange and 6 Consolidated Exchange firms went under. About 50 houses in all collapsed, but the great majority of them were outside brokers.

D. BOSTON, MASS.: It seems to be the majority opinion in Wall Street that the general market, with occasional recessions, will gradually move to higher levels. Most of the securities named in your list would probably participate in such an advance. Some would gain more than others, but it is not possible to specify beforehand what issues will be the leaders. Bethlehem 8 per cent. pfd., U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. pfd., American Woolen pfd., and National Biscuit pfd. are sterling issues and could be safely held for their investment quality. National Biscuit pfd., however, is high for its 7 per cent. dividend. It has no better record than American Woolen pfd.,

quoted much lower. A switch from Biscuit to Woolen would be prudent, or to Bethlehem 8 per cent. pfd., or Rubber pfd. Northwestern Bell Tel. 7s are so sound that I hesitate to advise their sale. If I had to sell in order to meet business losses I would dispose of the highest-priced items in your list or the ones on which there would be the most profit.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1922.

Free Booklets for Investors

The Federal Bond & Mortgage Company, Federal Bond & Mortgage Building, Detroit, Mich., announces a steadily mounting volume of business from month to month. Its first mortgage real estate bonds, known as Better Bonds, are being bought in all parts of the country. They are secured by mortgages on real estate of high character and they bear the interest rate of 7 per cent. So great is the demand for them that the company has to bestir itself to obtain a sufficient number of first-class mortgages on which to base these issues. That is remarkable evidence of the desirability of the bonds. In view of the fact that good securities paying 7 per cent. are bound to be scarce before long, investors would do well to look into the merits of Better Bonds. The company has issued a new booklet, 6-L, fully describing the bonds and it will send a copy of this to any applicant without charge.

Owing to the high rate of legal interest in the South, Miller First Mortgage bonds can be sold at a price to yield 8 per cent. The security behind them is income-earning buildings in Miami, Fla., which city is rapidly growing. The bonds are distributed by the G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company, 200 Miller Bldg., Miami, Fla., the oldest first mortgage bond house in the State. The company will mail to any applicant its illustrated booklet, "The Ideal Investment," giving full details of the safety features of these securities.

Conditions in the business and financial world are set forth with great clearness weekly in the widely known *Bache Review*. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Particulars regarding 6 per cent. gold bonds which participate in profits and which for the past six years have paid 10 per cent. may be obtained from W. L. Hayes, correspondent, Clarence Hudson Company, 16 E. 43d Street, National City Bank Bldg., New York. Letters of inquiry will receive careful attention.

How puts and calls operate in stock market transactions is fully told in Booklet L which may be obtained from William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York City.

Profit			
	E. A. Sweet	C. A. Rowe	W. J. McCrary
July	\$925	\$919	\$751
Aug.	\$891	\$936	\$865
Sept.	\$667	\$1228	\$527
Oct.	\$1200	\$993	\$703

Do you want an Income like these?

Are you willing to step into a position today, without training or previous experience where you are absolutely your own boss, where you can set your own hours—work when and where you please—and have an income of \$50.00 to \$200.00 a week? Then send me your name and I will tell you how to get started.

I want 500 men and women to take orders for Comer Raincoats right in their own communities. I will make you the same offer I made Sweet, Rowe and McCrary. Rowe was a baker and started by using only his spare time, yet he makes around \$800.00 a month. McCrary was making \$2.00 a day and now his earnings are close to \$9,000 a year. No matter where you live, or what you do, you can increase your income if you will devote one or two hours each day to this proposition. No experience is necessary. I will furnish a complete selling outfit, will tell you what to say and how to make the money. I will see that you get your profit the same day you earn it, without waiting, without delays.

Read These Earnings Records

Newton made \$614.58 in October, Robinson made \$703.60, Wilson made \$415.11. Hamilton made \$721.00 in September. Connors made \$613.00. Ed Wimberly makes from \$250.00 to \$350.00 a month in his spare time only. Maggie McCoy wrote "my earnings will be over \$3,000 this year." George Garon made a clear profit of \$40.00 in his first day's work. H. G. Greenwood cleaned up \$354.00 in his second month as a Comer representative. R. W. Krieger made \$20.00 net profit in one half hour. A. B. Spencer made \$625.00 in one month. I now offer you this same opportunity.

Make Cash Profits

The opportunity I offer you will pay you cash profits from the start. Comer Coats are advertised in *The Saturday Evening Post* and other national magazines. This makes it easy for you to make sales. You simply take orders for Comer Raincoats and I deliver them by parcel post to your customers. If your profits for your first day's work are \$10 I will see that the ten dollars are in your pocket in cash at the end of the day.

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We have a special proposition through which any woman can add \$25 a week or more to her income by using one or two hours a day spare time.

SEND NO MONEY

Without obligation to you, I will send you complete details of this proposition. I will show you how hundreds of men and women have been wonderfully successful. I know that this is a big opportunity for you. I know that you too, can succeed, and I am willing to prove it to you, if you will just write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to me now.

Remember—it will not cost you one cent, you will be under no obligation. And this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to get started on a proposition that will make you independent.

C. E. COMER

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Please tell me how I can make from \$50.00 to \$200.00 a week as your representative. Send me complete details of your offer without any obligation to me whatsoever.

Name.....

Address.....

Dam the Colorado!—(Concluded from page 465)

The tremendous possibilities of power development can best be visualized when it is understood that in its 1,700 miles of length the river drops 10,000 feet, and in the 350 miles between Boulder Canyon and Glenn Canyon, there is a sheer descent of 2,500 feet. Not only will the Boulder Canyon dam be the loftiest ever undertaken by man, but will also create the largest artificial lake ever constructed in the world. It will hold back at this point what is estimated at two years' flow of the entire river, thus creating an arrow-shaped body of water averaging 350 feet deep, embracing about 1,400 square miles, nearly as long as Great Salt Lake, Utah, and comparable in some ways to one of the Great Lakes.

THE mere name Colorado River has ever been linked with wonders. It exerts a magic spell. Coursing southward from Wyoming for more than 1,800 miles, it passes through stupendous mountains, gorges of colored stone, and stark chasms into a country of vast deserts once containing the buried civilization and romantic glamour of old Spain. It is the third largest river on the continent. With its fifty odd tributaries it drains a basin of 250,000 square miles. Its development, therefore, directly affects the economic and social destiny of one-third of the continental area of the United States, an area larger than France, Germany or Japan.

The first man to explore the whole canyon was the intrepid Maj. John Wesley Powell—an uncle, fittingly enough, of the present Arthur Powell Davis, who is developing the engineering plans. The Powell expedition in four staunch boats hopped off at Green River, Wyo., May 24, 1869, five of the party arriving safely at the Virgin River August 30 of the same year, where they were assisted by some Mormons sent out by Brigham Young. Sickness forced out two men; four were killed by Ute Indians after their boat collapsed. Since that time occasional prospectors, explorers and photographers have ventured the task with more or less success, the latest being the Kolb brothers, photographic explorers and moving picture men, who in 1911 in two flat-bottomed boats outwitted and outbattled the current for four months.

In the introduction to their book Owen Wister writes:

"Perhaps this planet does somewhere else contain a thing like the Colorado River, but that is no matter. We at any rate in our continent possess one of nature's very vastest works. After the river and its tributaries have done with all sight of the upper world, have left behind the bordering plains and streamed through the various gashes which their floods have sliced in the mountains that once stopped their way, then the culminating wonder begins. The river has been flowing through the loneliest part which remains to us of that large space once denominated, 'The Great American Desert' by the vague maps in our old geographies. It has passed through regions of emptiness still as wild as they were before Columbus came; where not only no man lives now, nor any mark is found of those forgotten men in the cliffs, but the very surface of the earth itself looks monstrous and extinct. . . .

"The sky is there above it but not of it. Its being is apart; its climate; its light; its own. . . . The river streams down its mysterious reaches pouring ceaselessly. . . . Above stand its walls, rising through space upon space of silence. They glow, they gloom, they shine. Bend after bend this trance of awe and beauty goes on, terrible as the Day of Judgment, sublime as the psalms of David. Five thousand feet below the opens and barrens of Arizona this canyon seems like an avenue conducting to the secrets of the universe and to the presence of the gods."

SUCH are the elemental forces that man will bridle to his pleasure. To divert them to the best and most lasting uses of seven great States of the Union; to irrigate and fertilize a basin as large as France or Germany or Japan (and who shall say that one day its population shall not equal that of France or Germany or Japan?); to give initial employment to 25,000 human beings (better than a bonus, isn't it?); to build, as a mere starter, the largest dam in the world's history, and to create out of nothing the world's largest artificial lake—perhaps these were the problems pondered by Hoover sloshing knee-deep in the Virginia brook.

Where Hollywood Gets Off—(Continued from page 475)

But it is obviously unfair to more than 99 per cent. of the 25,000 in the motion picture colony who have never had thus to strain after life.

On various Avenues of the Voice about Los Angeles one may hear weird tales of Bacchanalian revels in palatial homes, of outré masquerade routs, of playing the "wheel" with the sky the limit, of dinners where hypodermic needles are passed around as favors, of week-ends in sequestered canyons, of interesting midnight swimming parties in privately owned pools, of house-warmings and beach gambols, indeed of a lot of things.

I never doubted that a great many of them were in some part true. The furious few, constantly on the move, have a way of horning into otherwise conven-

tional gatherings and "putting a lot on the ball," as they say.

There has never been anyone to stop them. Occasionally, it is true, the police have been called in. But it is a sad commentary on human nature that very often the police have promptly proceeded to join in the revelry. I believe it is a matter of record that in one celebrated instance a second corps of officers was sent out to rescue the first.

During an epidemic of burglary in Hollywood, where fur coats and jewels were being constantly filched by robbers and old-fashioned press agents, it was discovered that several of the local police were sleeping on their night posts. They had been working as motion picture "extras" during the day and were making up

their rest. Some had reported for duty with their grease paint still on.

Nor is this susceptibility to the fruits of luxury and the glamour of prestige entirely restricted to the Hollywood police. It has interested me to observe that a great many persons, who can be counted on invariably to speak lightly of the "movies" in their own circle, exhibit symptoms of pathetic gratification when coming into contact with some of the real lions and lionesses of the jungle.

I recall a non-professional woman from Chicago who, against her wishes, was included in a dinner party given by a high-salaried star. From what she had heard she had formed a dislike of this star. But friends persuaded her.

She sat at a table that might have been laid for the Prince of Wales. During dinner, from behind potted palms, an orchestra played. Afterward there was a dance. The Chicago woman capitulated completely. She admitted she had been mistaken; the star was charming. But, in a way, she wasn't mistaken. During the course of the next few months the star was in serious difficulties with the police.

Money, restlessness and plenty of leisure are, doubtless, tools of the old Ned. It was my observation that they are apt to affect even such classic institutions as draw and stud poker.

Never, outside of Hollywood, have I seen stud poker played with seven cards, designating two cards or perhaps an entire suit wild. In such a game nothing less than a royal flush counts for much and even then one suit takes precedence over another. If there have been any ominous rumblings around Mr. Hoyle's grave of late they, too, no doubt, may be attributed to the gayety of Hollywood.

As for the stakes, in some of the more exclusive games held in one well-known club, the late Mr. John Gates of "Betcha-a-million" immortality would have been made to feel at home. There are so-called actors in Los Angeles who haven't been before a camera in many moons. And as long as the poker "students" hold out they won't have to go to the enervating effort of visiting picture agents and casting directors.

But there! These things but go to show that there is much about our symbolic Hollywood that is reminiscent of a gold rush and a mining camp. The motion picture has brought the bizarre days of '49 down to date with the colored collar supplanting the red shirt.

But the old-timer dug his profits out of the ground and the newcomer digs them out of the public. It is for the latter reason that the morality of Hollywood legitimately becomes a public issue.

A vastly different proposition here from the speaking stage, as one or two even of our chiefest luminaries must feel.

As in many things it is the verdict of the public that has sealed the fate of the furious few. Up to this time the few have never thought much about the ticket buyers or any responsibility that it owed to them out of hours.

But now the eyes of the furious few are glued to the speedometer with the knowledge that cruising somewhere behind is a disillusioned public all dressed up like a sparrow cop.

(The next article in Mr. Arms' series will appear in an early issue.)

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President
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Cut out this ad and mail it to us, with your name and address (no money); and we will send you our FAMOUS KAMAK RAZOR by return mail, postpaid. You may use the razor for 30 days FREE; then if you like it, pay us \$1.85. If you don't like it return it. SEND NO MONEY.

MORE COMPANY, Dept. 340, St. Louis, Mo.

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Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

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Arthur Murray, America's greatest teacher of social dancing, has perfected a remarkable new easy method which enables anyone to learn the Fox Trot, One Step, Waltz, College Rock or any of the newest ballroom steps at home in one short evening. Arthur Murray has proved by a series of tests that learning to dance by his method is quicker, better, easier and much less expensive than lessons from a personal teacher. It is so simple, so perfectly understood, even a child can learn quickly. No partner or music is needed.

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35 x 4 1/2	20.25	2.50
35 x 4 1/2	21.50	2.60

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relieves rupture, will be sent
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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and
draws the broken parts together as you would
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VISITORS from out of town will find the
Webster inviting and convenient. Es-
pecial attention will be given and moderate
prices quoted, particularly for suites of two
and three rooms.

JOHN P. TOLSON, Proprietor

W. S. S. Stamps for sale at post
offices, banks and a
multitude of other places. **W. S. S.**
Look for the letters

Revenge!—(Concluded from page 473)

out of the machine, it went off, and finally he got this working to his complete satisfaction.

"He now took the baby over to a neighbor who sometimes accommodated them by tendin' it (in return for similar favors) when both Mr. and Mrs. Sankowsky wanted to go away at the same time. Then he fixes his contraption in the telescope in accordance with his plan, sets the trigger all very careful, packs up the suit that Perkins had sold him and makes a bee dive for the ferry.

"When he got in front of Perkins' place he merely set the case he was carrying down on the sidewalk near the curb, and walked away from it, as he went pulling out the string that released the set trigger. Naturally no one noticed him and after he'd gone a few paces, he turned quickly in the crowd and walked back and nonchalantly entered Perkins' store.

"Perkins was just putting one over on a guy from the Hackensack Meadows when Sankowsky walked up to him and sez that he'd brought back the suit once more and he wanted Perkins to reconsider his decision not to return the money on it.

"Perkins looked at Sankowsky and turns to his customer and says something about a blank crazy boy who had an idea he's bought a suit there; when all of a sudden, crash! Half a brick comes right straight through the middle of his nice plate glass window and smashes a great big hole!

"If it hadn't been for subsequent events, Perkins' expression at that moment would have been a permanent salve for Sankowsky's injured feelings. Perkins gives one horrified glance at the wreck and then rushes frantically out on the sidewalk.

"Some kid points to the telescope which now has a sort of a shovel shaped arm sticking out from the brown paper Sankowsky had pasted over the top, and hollers that the brick came out of it. Perkins looked up and down the street, grabs the telescope and carries it back into the store. Clean forgetting his customer, he tears away the rest of the brown paper and lifts out as neat a model of an ancient Roman capulet as ever was turned out. Sankowsky had gone through manual training school and the job he'd done was a credit to his education. Somehow or other he'd seemed to feel that his revenge would be more complete and delicious if he turned out a workmanlike affair. He had sand-papered and shellacked every member of that capulet in the most painstaking way imaginable.

"Well, Perkins raves for a minute or so and then gets pretty quiet examining the affair. Finally Sankowsky comes up to him and repeats his demand for his money. Perkins just naturally told him where to go and continues his investigation. Sankowsky was about to make some sarcastic reference to the well-known Biblical fact that cheats always got what's coming to 'em when Perkins dives down into the telescope and fishes out something that Sankowsky recognized even before Perkins realized what it was.

It was the handle of the spoon Mrs. Sankowsky had used when she tried to pry open the lid of the trunk in which the thing had been quite securely locked.

"Sankowsky didn't wait for Perkins to read the name, F. Sankowsky, engraved on that spoon. He just walked quickly away from there and disappeared in the crowd. Ten seconds later Perkins was after him, but it was too late. However, he remembered that he had Sankowsky's name and address, so didn't make much of an effort to follow him then."

"What did he do, swear out a warrant?" I eagerly asked for I was interested.

"Oh, yes, he swore out a warrant, but that wasn't the worst of it, that wasn't the thing that got Sankowsky's goat. The pup! The dirty low down Baxter Street bum!"

My friend seemed to me more heated than was called for in one who was merely narrating an epic of hate, so that I was constrained to remark, "You seem to have a personal grudge against this Perkins. Why is that?"

"Listen," he said, as if about to treat me to a burst of confidence. "You look like a good-hearted sort of a chap and so I'm going to tell you the whole truth. I am Felix Sankowsky, and ever since that affair I've been afraid to go home for fear of getting pinched. I've been afraid to go to work for the same reason. Of course I've written to my wife, but until the thing blows over I'm practically a tramp with no home and no money. I have not had food for two days. Would you regard it as out of the way if I asked you for the loan of only fifty cents? It will be scrupulously repaid as soon as I get back to work. I assure you that it will be, my friend."

For a moment I hesitated. I had heard the tales of mendicants many times, but never one so good as this one. So I hesitated for a moment and then my friend added:

"I wouldn't care a damn what it cost if that dirt-eating snake had got what I tried to give him. But he didn't, and that's what really hurts."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Didn't you tell me that his very expensive plate glass window was smashed to bits?"

"Yes," was the mournful response. "But that only cost him two hundred dollars or so. And do you know what that microbe did? Well, the note at the bottom of the announcement about the lecture on 'Ancient and Modern Engines of War' sez that there was a standing prize of \$500 for the best working model of a Roman capulet. Some old crank millionaire had offered it. Perkins had seen the notice (catch him overlooking a dollar sign anywhere) and he entered my model and walked off with the prize; the great big ugly boob! That's what he done."

Without any question as to my credulity, I ask if a single human being, organizers of charity excepted, can blame me for digging up two quarters and passing them over to the self-styled Felix Sankowsky?

Announcing the Winners

in Judge's National Smile Week
\$1000 for Smiling Faces Contest



Here is the mountain of smiling faces submitted. The smiling young ladies assisted in the task of verifying the count of 28,718,504.

NEVER before in the history of any contest conducted by a magazine were so many items entered as in JUDGE'S NATIONAL SMILE WEEK CONTEST for the largest number of smiling faces clipped from any magazine or newspaper advertisement between November 14th, 1921, and February 13th, 1922.

The first prize is \$500; second, \$250; third, \$100; fourth, \$50; and the next ten, each \$10; in all, \$1000. No single advertisement was allowed to count more than five smiling faces and the same advertisement from the same magazine or newspaper could not be counted as a point.

Here is a list of the prize-winners with the total clippings credited by the judges:

- 1st Prize—\$500**
Mrs. C. C. Stalnaker, Greenwood, S. C.
60,908
- 2nd Prize—\$250**
H. B. Noack, 338 W. 21st St., Houston, Tex.
56,987
- 3rd Prize—\$100**
Elizabeth B. Jordan, South Boston, Va.
48,808
- 4th Prize—\$50**
H. M. Garner, Roswell, N. Mex.
45,386
- 5th Prize—\$10**
Elizabeth Archer, Monroe, Ga.
44,251
- 6th Prize—\$10**
M. Tapp, Boulder, Colo.
37,980
- 7th Prize—\$10**
M. Northrup, 340 Manhattan Av., New York, N. Y.
34,726
- 8th Prize—\$10**
Mrs. J. K. Bowman, Blairsville, Pa.
31,900
- 9th Prize—\$10**
D. H. Wiggins, 338 Jackson St., Chillicothe, Mo.
30,684
- 10th Prize—\$10**
S. L. Wright, Hartsville, S. C.
28,925
- 11th Prize—\$10**
Isabel Watson, Tekeo, Wash.
28,780
- 12th Prize—\$10**
W. H. Norris, Burgettstown, Pa.
28,574
- 13th Prize—\$10**
Walter Mayer, 966 Galapago St., Denver, Colo.
28,305
- 14th Prize—\$10**
F. W. Burwell, 642 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.
28,148

Interesting features of the contest

The Contest was open to all. A person did not have to be a subscriber to JUDGE in order to participate.

Over 7,000 packages of smiling faces were submitted and the total number of faces clipped was 28,718,504. Packages of smiling faces were received from France, Scotland, Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, every province of Canada and every State in the Union. They were sent express, parcel post, and first class mail. Many were delivered personally by the contestants. One bundle contained 80,000 clippings, but that contestant, unfortunately, did not comply with the rule which required that each face have a *genuine smile* in order that it could be counted as a point. The next nearest contestant claimed 65,540, the next, 61,045, and the next, 58,300. The lowest number submitted by any contestant was 55.

The clipped smiling faces were received in envelopes, wrapping paper, burlap bags, cartons, wooden boxes and cases. Many were insured. Despite the precautions advised in JUDGE for securely wrapping the bundles, hundreds

were torn or mutilated so that many clippings had slipped out; and many names were not legibly written.

Hundreds of contestants had carefully pasted their clippings into albums and old books. Others had pasted them on long rolls of paper and still others had pasted them on display cards which were bound in book form with cord. Some from Japan were bound with beautiful Japanese paper ribbons. Many albums were beautifully decorated.

Several entries will be displayed in the windows of prominent Fifth Avenue shops. Albums suitable for the purpose will be distributed among various children's hospitals and juvenile institutions.

One of the most gratifying features of the Contest was the number of people who wrote us that the pleasure they derived from clipping smiling faces compensated them (even though they might not win a prize) for their trouble.

JUDGE'S thanks are due all who assisted in making this Contest, as well as JUDGE'S NATIONAL SMILE WEEK, a tremendous success. What a stimulating influence it had on all who believe in and practice the doctrine of

a cheerful spirit and a smile!

Fix-Your-Own-Price Sale!

In the first of these unique Book Sales, 3,069 new books were sold and in the second, 3,139. 755 bids for the 527 sets of Shakespeare were received, 103 for 52 sets of Paul de Kock's works, and 281 for 77 copies of "The Family Music Book," making a total of 483 bids which we had to return.

Many whose bids were returned have written us asking for an opportunity to bid on the other books advertised in that second sale.

To save time for the bidders and for us in closing out the remainder of the books not disposed of in the second sale, we are offering the last of these wonderful books with the suggestion that you state in your letter what your first choice is and, if there are not enough to supply your order, what your second and third choice is. Also the amount you bid in each case. That will insure your getting one of these extraordinary bargains without the contingent delay of our returning the money and your having to write us two or three times—and, what is most important to you, before the books are all sold.

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